

THE
DRUDGE:

OR

The Jealous Extravagant.

A P I E C E

OF

Gallantry.

Ne Hercules quidem contra Duos.

L O N D O N,

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of the New Exchange. 1673:

THE

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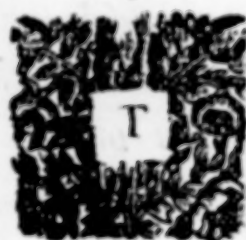
OF

OF



TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
Lord BUCKHURST.

Sir,



He scribbling Gentlemen of this impertinent Generation, in despite of all the damning Criticks of the age, that very much oblige the Dramatick Tribe with continual matter for their Prologues, are come to that impudence as to write still on, and

A 3

usher

The Epistle

usher in a bad Treatise with a worse Dedication. This is grown so familiar to the fine Men of the Town, that for all can be said, will still be most damnably opinionate, that the poor fool, that must needs trouble himself with the turning of this foolery, was resolved out of meer complaisance to do as the rest did, and then out-rival his fellows too both in nonsense and Impudence, which your Lordship must needs avow he has most egregiously performed, when he assumed the vanity to make your Honour a present of such a trifle. That
incom-

Dedictory.

incomparable Judgement, and
Ingenuity that your Lordship
is even to a miracle endowed
withal, will very much advance
the vanity of the proud Tran-
slator; the most accomplished
wit of the age may have just
cause to tremble when he ex-
poses his most absolute and per-
fect pieces to the censure of
your Lordship, (this is a truth
that the whole Kingdom is
conscious of, and the Turner
of this Gallantry was not ig-
norant of it) as he may justly
defy all the world, when he
has once acquired your Lord-
ships approbation of it, but

The Epistle

since my French Author was my president, and has so good an esteem for this piece, as to judge it worth the acceptance of their Royal Highnesses of Savoy, I suddainly resolved to pursue my Translation, and transcribe his pride of well Gallantry, and that I might assume some liberty to my self, have made it something the more nonsensical (it is possible it may please the better) by prefixing an Epistle to an Epistle, and Dedicating a Dedication. Your Lordship will be graciously pleased to excuse this gay nonsense

Dedicatory.

sense, and pardon so extravagant an address, which you can only impute to your Noble self, whose very name is so charming and attractive, that I was hurried on by an Enthousiasme of mad Zeal, to Court and Embrace (as I would Health and Happiness, or what else is dearer to me in the world) this blest occasion to subscribe my self

Your Lordsh^{ps}

most obedient Servant

J. B.



TO THE
READER.

Reader,

I Should do the Monsieur, thee, and myself a most damn'd injury, should I honour this trifle with the title of a Translation; that word that sounds so gloriously in this pretty Frenchyfi'd Generation; and I should be as vain as a Poet is in his *Prefaces*, his *Essays*, his *Prologues*, his *Epilogues*, and their *Apologies*, should I
say

To the Reader.

say 'tis my own, and a whole Shoal of English Monsieurs, with a *Morbleu, Diantre, &c.* would swear it was the *Zelotide*, and easily detect the Fallacy; what shall I do then with this Monster of a Pamphlet, this Mongrel piece of Gallantry, that has lost every thing that might make it lovely and agreeable? it has lost the snuffling Idium, that great accomplishment in a Gentleman, and is infected with some of the English customs too; but faith, pardon it, for I'll assure you 'tis very fashionable: Here's Kissing
and

To the Reader.

and Dancing, &c. here are
Treatments and the Fiddles;
here are gay, brisk, and Airy
Girls too, and the Jilts have
such a charming wildness, that
it must needs take you, 'tis not
possible to be avoided. And
if all these Ornaments of a
fashionable Treatise, are not
enough to set off this poor
something, what Name or
Title soever you shall please
to give it; I know very little
in the world. But if all this
cannot recommend it to your
Charity, & silence the dam-
ning Criticks of the age, I'm ve-
ry confident I have, that will
mightily

To the Reader.

mightily please the fine Gentlemen of the Town: here's no damn'd, dull, out of fashion Matrimony in the conclusion, to spoil all that went before. Our Gallant, if he be in Love, it is in a very Honourable way, he still preserves his Liberty, and his Love, that is, he is yet unmarried, for after that ugly thing is once arrived, that has destroyed so many beautiful Affections, and pretty passions in the world, you shall scarce find ought or either. In a word, 'tis at your Mercy, name it, and cen-

To the Reader.

censure it, damn it as you
please, if you can have the
heart to damn any thing that
is originally French, and
when 'tis made English, is as
mad as the best of you.

Farewel.

TO

T O
Their Royal Highness's
T H E
DUKE and DUCHESS
O F
S A V O Y.

A Sonnet.

Sweet pair of Royal Lovers that in spite
Of damn'd, dull Matrimony, still are so,
That in chaste Kisses can still take delight,
Nor do those lawful sweets insipid grow.

You from the plagues of Marriage still are free
And after the first month your life commend,
Your Kisses smack as well as formerly, (end
Nor can his Love, nor can her charms have

(spring
How from so brave a source can chuse but
Or Kings, or something greater then a King?
What Blessings for your People coining are :
Could

Could but my pretty fretful Zelotide
Advance your Joys, and reinforce their
Tide,

How I'de applaud the Filt, and doat on

Le Pays.

T

at
pi
to
ye



THE
 DRUDGE.
 TO
His Royal Highness
 THE
 DUKE
 OF
 SAVOY.

SIR,



should be an enemy to my own glory; should I not endeavour to acquaint all *France* with the happy destiny my fooleries have found in *Piedmont*. I heard from *Turin*, that they had the honour to arrive at your Royal Highness's hands, and the happiness to divert you; and that you were pleas'd to think my Picture worthy to take up a place in your Cabinet: What an infinite Honour, Sir, must

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mult it needs be to one of my capacity to have diverted a Prince, that nothing, that was not uncommon and extraordinary ever yet could, and to find room in a Cabinet, where nothing but precious things are admitted; ought I after so signal a favour vouchsafed by your Royal Highness, still to give my Prose and Verse no better treatment than that of Fopperies? ought I after all this, to despise the productions of my young Muse. No, Sir, I dare not pursue that my cruelty. And I should believe I injured the soundness of your judgement, should I preserve my contempt of that, which has merited your esteem. Thus am I now enforced to desert all my modesty at once, and grow as proud as so illustrious an approbation, as your Royal Highness can possibly make me.

And really, Sir, who dare condemn this pride in me, when they shall consider whence it took its original? And who dare assume the rashness, to be of a different opinion from your Royal Highness? if any Critick durst now condemn any thing of mine, I would appeal to your Royal Highness as a Sovereign Judge in matters of this nature, and this Sovereignty is not less considerable, Sir, than that which your Royal Ancestors have possess'd, and lest you invested in, as their worthy Successor: It is more glorious to have a Sovereignty over the Wits, than the Rabble. Heaven indeed has blest you with a considerable advantage in conserving a Crown and your Life together upon you, but it speaks you her particular Favourite in endowing your Highness with all those Royal qualities.

ties, which the management of that Crown with Glory required; and one of these Qualities, Sir, and that not the least considerable, is your incomparable Ingenuity.

Those Princes that Reign no other way than by their Authority, have no other advantage, than that of being fear'd of their Subjects, but those that Reign with Mildness, with Magnanimity, and the Troop of Vertues they are adorn'd with, have the happiness to see themselves belov'd, respected, and ador'd by their People. And 'tis this, Sir, that gets you the Love, the Respect, and Adoration of your Subjects; when ever they speak of your Royal Highness, 'tis with sentiments of Veneration, and with transports of Zeal for your Service and Honour, which plainly shew, how agreeable your Empire is to them, and with what sincerity they bless Heav'n for the sweetness of your Reign over them. Your Birth has made you their Prince, but if your Royal Blood had not set the Crown on your Head, had it been in their power, you would have receiv'd it from their free Election.

We being their near neighbors, have often Commerce with them, and in their conversation, whereof their Sovereign makes the most charming and agreeable part of it, we see them very often open their hearts to us, and speak their thoughts with freedom, in which pleasant conversation, Sir, they have so well express'd that zealous respect, which they preserved for your Royal Highness, that they have communicated it to me. I could not chuse but have as

great a passion as the best of them for a Prince so truly amiable, and one below'd by all the world with so much justice, and were I not a Subject of the greatest King in the world, I should wish your Royal Highness for my Sovereign.

But, Sir, I should abuse my self, should I make that wish; is it not a happiness I already enjoy? and am not I your Subject. and are not you my Sovereign, although neither *Piedmont*, *Savoy*, nor any other of your Dominions be my Country. You enjoy a Sovereignty, that extends it self farther then the bounds of your Provinces, which procures you Subjects in all the reasonable parts of the world, and makes your Dominions as large as that of the Muses. This Empire, Sir, those nine immortal Ladies have established you in all places where they have any interest, to testify their acknowledgement of those many Favours your Royal Highness hath made them receive. The good entertainment you oblige them with, is an infallible signe, that you are not ignorant of their Beauties, and that you have a perfect knowledge of their Merits.

We ought not to wonder when we see them but little esteemed in a great part of the world; none can esteem them but those that know them, and that is an advantage that Heaven doth not commonly bestow; your Royal Highness is master of this precious advantage, and I am very certain that you possess it in a very eminent degree; that quick, subtle, and delicate Wit of yours, is skill'd even to admiration, in all the polite, and pretty things in the world, and pierces into all the secrets of our *Parnassus*.

This

This is that Divine Quality, Sir, that gives a Lustre to all your Heroick ones, and crowns you King of all the Wits of the age: Your Valour, Justice, and Generosity are great Virtues I must confess; That sweetness and obliging entertainment, with that agreeable Air which accompanies all your Actions, and Charms all those that have the Honour to approach your Royal Person; that Galantry which is so natural to you, which gets you the inclinations of the Ladies, and renders your Court, and all your diversifications so Noble and Magnificent, are glorious advantages, I must avow it. But all these considerable vertues and glorious advantages, would, it is possible, be confined to your own Dominions, and Strangers, and Posterity would never so much as hear of them, were they not attended by that our Love of the Muses. Had it not been for this Honourable inclination, *Augustus* never had received so many Elogies as he did, and his Glory, it may be, had never reached our Ears. It is this that makes your Vertues commended and talkt of beyond the limits of your Provinces, and shall do too, far beyond that short course of your life, that you spend so gloriously, and that merited Eternity; it is this that invests you with a Sovereignty over all the *Vertuosi* in the world, and to which I am obliged for the happiness I enjoy, to stile my self your Subject. It is possible it is an excess of vanity in me to reckon my self among the Wits; but when one has once obtain'd the happiness to please your Royal Highness, he may without arrogance assume that glorious Title with all its appendages

pendages, and in that condition to which your Royal Highness has been pleased to advance me; I should offend your judgement, should I have a bad opinion of any thing that I call mine. I have so highly esteemed my parts, since I was informed your Royal Highness did not despise them, I judged them capable of conferring something, to your Royal pleasure.

Since my first works have taken the boldness to pass over the *Alps* without my Commission, and yet had the happiness to please all your Court, though I durst not hope it; I imagined, that those I should my self send over thither, and which had no other designe but that of your Royal Highnesses Divertisement, would not be so unhappy, as to come off worse then the former.

It is a great design without question, that I engage upon, and I should say even a rash and inconsiderate one, if a person had not advised me to it, that I am confident is too prudent to counsel me to any such undertakings: it is, Sir, a Gentleman of your Dominions that hath the honour both to be known and belov'd of his Prince, that hath been pleased to give himself the trouble to bring my Muse into your Court, and that hath wrote me word of the good entertainment it received from your Royal Highness. This generous friend of mine could not possibly procure me a more glorious advantage, nor one that I more vehemently desired; but that which hath exceeded all my hopes, and created in me the most pleasant surprize imaginable, is that incomparable goodness that he was pleased to have

have for me in communicating a Letter of your Royal Highness to me, in which you graciously vouchsafed to witness, that you esteemed my works, and that you should be very well satisfied to see me make some more of them for your divertisement. This Letter was a Sovereign and indisputable Order for me, but it was no unpleasant one, and I can safely swear, I received it with as great a joy as submission.

It is this, Sir, that obliged me to the writing of this piece of Gallantry, the gayety whereof it is not impossible may not displease you. It may be too, it may dissipate for some moments those troublesome thoughts, that your Politick affairs commonly leave behind them, and some of those cares which the conduct of great Estates almost always plague us with.

If I can compass so noble a designe as this, I shall get my self reputation, and shall perswade my self, that your Subjects are something engaged to me into the bargain. It is not to be questioned but they know, that when one diverted *Cesar*, he obliged the Republick, and I am very certain, that *Cesar* had not more noble qualities then your Royal Highness; and that the *Romans* had not a more tender affection, or profound respect for him, then those of *Piedmont* and *Savoy* have for their Sovereign.

These are truths, Sir, that your Royal Highness may easily be satisfied of, from a forreign Countrey. If they were told you by your Subjects, you might suspect, they said so for their own interest, or to flatter you, and so receive their praises as a common homage, which peo-

ple seldom refuse their Sovereigns; but when an Elogie proceeds to you from a Province not subject to your Royal Highness, you may assure your self, Sir, that he who gave you these commendations, was confident of the truth of them. It is from strangers that a Prince may learn infallibly, what Sentiments the world has of him, and what their judgement is of his Qualities and his Conduct.

And since it is so, Sir, your Royal Highness ought to be entirely satisfied; those strangers which are not interess'd in your Highness, praise and bless you; and I, Sir, that have made some voyages into forraign Countreys, can witness the truth of it: Whereever they speak of your Royal Highness, they compare you to those great Princes from whence you drew your being. As all the world is very well satisfied that no danger can surprize you, and that your courage either acknowledges no dangers, or makes them immediately cease to be so, they compare you to the Illustrious *Amedees*, which all the dreadful power of the *Turks* could never terrifie, and that preserved *Rhodes* with so much glory against all the force of the *Ottoman* Emperor. They count you too, as good as that *Louis*, that was so much belov'd of his Subjects, for his sweetness and clemency, as wise as that *Charles*, surnamed the Warrior, that was as well the most prudent as accomplished Prince of his Age; as knowing, as that other *Charles*, surnamed the Good, who so dearly loved Scholars, and Learning; and as quick and active as the great *Ema-*

musel Philibert, that shew'd so incomparable an address in all his bodily exercises.

I have often heard your Royal Highness compared too, to all your famous Ancestors, but most commonly they do it with your Illustrious Grandfather, to that great Prince whose name you own, and whose Vertues you are master of. In the time he lived in, he was esteemed a Man that had the most glorious reputation in the world. *Urban* the VIII, our *Henry* the Great, and *James* the VIII. King of *Great Britain*, gave him commendations, that posterity should never be unmindful of; and the great Cardinal of *Richelieu*, which knew as well as any man, all these Vertues that are necessary for a Prince; said of him, of whom I am speaking, that he never knew a more strong, active, and universal Wit in his life; the most eloquent Muses of his time have sung of his Merit. That *Tasso* that he loved with so much tenderness, the *Ciabrera*, the *Marines*, and *Cassines*, thought they should render themselves immortal, by inserting such a Princes Commendations in their Works, whose name and memory ought to be immortal. If all those great Men were still alive, I am confident, they would conspire to tell you, that the *Charles Emanuel* of our age, is a Son worthy that *Charles Emanuel*, that was so justly praised by all those great Princes, and so bravely sung of by all those illustrious Poets. Why have not I the Wit and Eloquence of the last, which I would wholly employ with all my soul to make an Elogie for your Royal Highness. I'd tell the future ages of those Vertues, whereof ours

is

is so strongly perswaded; your great Spirit, I mean your Generosity, your Bounty, your Wisdom, and all your other Qualities; at least as far as my Wit would permit me, that you have received them with the blood of that incomparable Conqueror *Amedees*, your August Father.

Since these great qualities, which before were onely seen afar off, were in your voyage to *Lyons* more nearly considered by all our Court; our great Monarch has conceived Sentiments of Love and Esteem for your Royal Highness, and those too are spread through his whole Kingdom: And would not the French be unjust, should they not doat upon such a Prince, which always expresses so great a love for *France*; a Prince, that no sooner saw, that his troublesome destiny had broke those ties that engaged him to our Crown, but he sought out for new ones with all the vehemence in the world: how infinitely reasonable was this vehemence, since its Object was a Princess so accomplished? a Princess whose charms deserve so much Love, Respect, and Devotion, that in the greatness of her Soul, is the accurate Portraicture of your Illustrious Mother, and that by her Vertues would revive her memory, if it was possible, that it ever could be extinguished.

What a joy it was to your Subjects, Sir, to see your Royal Highness bound in an Eternal knot to that incomparable Princess? and what a glory it would be for me, if my Story were pleasant enough to divert two Persons of so high a Rank, and so sublime Ingenuity. I dare avow, Sir, that in spite of my accustomed insufficiency,

sufficiency, I conceived very great hopes of it. When one has a designe to please you, 'tis very difficult to think of any thing that is low and contemptible; the Soul raises it self in the undertaking so great an enterprize: and as for my particular, I believe that mine has excelled it self, ever since the very instant that I intended to make my Image of *Zelotyde*, because I had a design to send it to your Royal Highness, to present you with all the Lineaments of her Jealousie, and gave all your Court a sufficient occasion to laugh at her suspicious, and ridiculous apprehensions.

Hitherto, Sir, the Comedians have handled the jealous Gentlemen, with all the cruelty imaginable, and have commonly spar'd the jealous Ladies. But for all that, there are some of the delicate Sex as subject to this passion, as the most whining Romantick Lover among Men, and it will be convenient to acquaint them in this History, how prejudicious this pretty Frensie is to their repose, how extravagant it renders them, and how they deserve to be hated by all their Gallants, for this rascally method of making Love.

May it please therefore your Royal Highness, to cast an Eye on my pretty jealous Creature's extravagant adventures, which your goodness makes me assume the liberty to make the recital of, and which I shall do with all the Gayety that my Subject requires, and with all the Respect I owe your Royal Highness.

Zelotyde:

Zelotide.

A general Peace was now concluded, to the extream displeasure of the *Gaseoins*, and this affliction had very much augmented that other, that the prohibition of Duels had caused them a little before : all their Villages were full of Reformed Officers, and the most noble and brave among them, had no other employment then plaguing all they met with, with an impertinent recital of their Braveries, at God knows what River, and God knows what time. When the King issued out his Orders for the placing a Regiment of old Soldiers in one of the most pleasing Towns of *France* ; my intelligence could not inform me, whither this agreeable place we speak of, were on this side, or beyond the *Loire*, but I dare assure you, it lies between *Calice* and *Bayonne*.

The greatest part of the Officers of this Regiment were not very well skil'd in any other Virtues, then their Military ones, and Wine and Tobacco, the Pot and Pipe was their chief employment : but all of them were not so scandalously inclin'd : some few of them were more Gentle and Courtly, and preferred a handsome obliging Lady, before all the Pots in Christendom.

Our *Lycidas* was one of these civil Gentlemen, and without all question, Sir, he might pass for one of the prettiest fellows in the Regiment ; he was young and wity, and as well made as the best of them ; and to advance all these accomplishments, his Cloaths were as fine, and Al-a-mode, as they could possibly be out of *Paris* ; his
variety

variety of Garnitures, and his good large plume of Feathers, that quite cover'd his little empty Noddle, made him presently be taken notice of; all the Ladies mightily admired him, and doing as they use to do in the like occasions were infinitely taken with him, and there was not one Lady in all the Town, that was not hatching some amorous design, how to imprison this our handsome stranger.

As he was alwaies a profest Servant of the Ladies, and he long'd to see all the Beauties of the place, in as short a time as he could; he, to forward his design, got acquaintance with a Cavalier of the Town, that had formerly been a Soldier too, and now at present.

This talkative ill-natured Cavalier, I forgot to tell you what he was before, would not for all the world but have brought *Lycidas* to Mass, that is the amorous rendezvous of the Town; and 'tis very likely had not *Lycidas* been acquainted, that he should find good store of Beauties there, he would have been more gentile, and less scandalous than to go to that place of Devotion. Here it was a Man might see at once all that thought themselves handsome; and it was here that our Courtly Soldier learned all the names of the Ladies, for he was better bred then to cast an Eye, or speak a Syllable of any thing else, while there was something like a Woman in the company. This is very fair you will say, for the first bout; but our Gallant goes further, and learns what Love intrigue this and that Lady has with that and the other Gentleman, and in as short a time as can be imagined, his precious
intelli-

intelligence made him a perfect relation of their Loves, with all the drolling and railery his ill-nature could supply him with: so that *Lycidas*, thanks to his talkative Buffoon was immediately acquainted with all the Bed-stratagems of the Town. After so hopeful a beginning, you may swear he would not leave off, he went continually to Mafs, and that out of pure Love too, I dare assure you, he came always dress'd as fine as hands could make him; all covered over with Ribbons and Feathers, and placed himself in a fit Post to have his finery taken notice of, and there, sometime standing on one Leg, and then on the other, he plaid the prettiest tricks, and set his Face in so agreeable a posture, you would not think it; and lest all this pains might be lost, he took a particular care he might be taken notice of.

His Eyes stood alwaies Sentinel to spie
The am'rous looks of all the Ladies night.

Now on this he darts a glance,
And then on that he looks, as 'twere by chance,

Still taking special care,
To put the blushing Lady out oth' Pray'r;

And if in his survey
Some pretty Creature chanc'd to cast aray,
He with a gracious Air return'd the glance;
He smil'd, and then slept back, and then advanc'd;
And to confirm their good intelligence

He strait retir'd;
Not to desert the Beauty he admir'd
But thank her with an humble reverence.

In a word, Sir, he was the most civil obliging person that breath'd, Nay, faith, Sir, there are some will tell you, that his very civility grew troublesome and impertinent, he had so much of it; but for all this, take him all together, he was a very extraordinary person, at least people thought him so, for he grew to be the only talk in all company; the Ladies remembred all his shape, his Cloaths, and above all, his Carriage; and the pleasant Gentleman did not forget that neither, especially his profound cringes, and his reverences Al-a-mode: the young ones grew so taken with him, that they must needs try to count them, and because 'tis likely that one could never do it, there were many of them a-bott it; two or three were to reckon up all he made with his right Leg, and as many more to count those of his left.

But for all these puny fools plagu'd him with their damn'd dull-railery, the most accomplish'd Ladies of the Town would not miss the Mals for a Treat and the Eiddles; the Church was never empty, and all this, because, our obliging Soldier was a constant Church-man. When they were come home again from their Devotions, all the Femals fell a thinking that she was more looked upon then another, and that the brisk Gallant had made her three or four salutes more then the rest; whence gathering (as those pretty Sophisters easily deceive themselves) that she was prefer'd before the rest, she grew confident, that she should effect the conquest of the Gallant, that all the Ladies desir'd. Among the rest, that never fail'd to come to Mals, Zelotyd
was

was one of the first, and most eager : She was a stately proper person, young. and something yellow-hair'd, and her Air and Mein had something in them extreamly taking.

When in the Church she did appear;
How her fair Eies of Eies attractive were,
And like the Sun no Star was seen but her ?

From her sweet violence
Altars prov'd no defence,
Her sacrilegious charms pull'd captives thence.

In a word, where ever she was, none could be seen or look'd upon, but her ; and all this, she term'd the effects of her Beauty, and perswaded herself, that she really merited a greater esteem then the rest. She, as well as the rest had some ill design on our new Cavalier (but, I'faith, I think I'm out there, and a Captain of the Infantry cannot be well called so) and having resolv'd upon it, she dressed her self with more care then ordinary, and forgot not any of those helps, that Art could furnish her with, to set off those advantages that nature had made her receive.

The Lady being such as I have describ'd her, your Royal Highness may easily imagine, that she had enough of *Lycidas's* humble reverences ; wherever she met him, and that at Church, he particularly oblig'd her by his amorous glances ; and I vow, 'tis well he did so, for the poor Creature, had he not given her that esteem she thought she deserv'd, would not have easily been comforted for her misfortunes ; she had indeed as quick a wit, as any Lady in the Town, but she had a very strange kind of humour though.

Her

Her jealousy was so excessive, that she grew jealous of all the world, nay, of those persons she never knew, nor heard of, neither Friends nor Enemies could scape her; I have heard a hundred pretty stories of her Jealousie, of one of her acquaintance, and they're all extreamly pleasant and extraordinary. She was so damn'd jealous.

If some kind doating Husband chanc'd to kiss,
What now he call'd his Wife, before his Miss;
And *Zelotide* but chanc'd to spie,
The mutual charming Language of their Eie;
She dams, she curses their chaste Fire,
And longs to see their purer Flames expire.
Who ever does caress, what e're it is,
Be't Wife or Miss,
She frets, she pines, she sighs,
To see the conquest of another's Eies,
That any Face but hers, could make such victories.
If the fond Lacquey chanc'd to kiss the Maid,
Or by some pretty sign his Love betray'd,
She the poor Innocent
Did miserably torment,
And Rival-like, still thwarted her intent,

But yet, Sir, she did not do all this out of any aversion she had to love, but the covetous Creature would have had all the world doat upon her; she would be the only Beauty, and the only Mistress of all that could conceive that noble passion. She went indeed sometimes to see a Play and sometimes she would read Romances; but all this onely augmented her calamity, and these

pretty divertisements were the greatest plagues in nature to her. At a Play she would fain get *Celadon* from *Florimel*, or *Dauphine* from the Collegiate Ladies, and could not endure to hear *Romeo* compliment his *Juliet*. And then in Romances she was confounded, mad to see *Pyrocles* so passionate for his *Pamela*; she could with all her soul have strangled the fair *Cassandra*, to get her *Oroondates*: All the actions of those fabulous Heroes, that they perform'd with so much Courage and Generosity to exprefs their Love, and do things worthy of it, were so many fatal blows that stab'd her contentment; and in that transport of fury, that their amorous declarations had put her; she threw away the Romance, nay, and sometimes threw it into the fire too, to revenge her self for that injury, that she fancied had been put upon her: but yet she had some wit with her madness, at least, so much as to conceal her extravagance from the eyes of the world, so that you could not possibly discover it in her, without a long and a familiar acquaintance.

Having now learn'd her Character, your Royal Highness may easily imagine, what an intolerable trouble she was condemn'd to every day at Mafs, where *Lycidas* never fail'd to meet her. For though she had the greatest share of his amorous Glances, his Reverences, and all those petty pieces of Gallantry, she grew stark mad, and all this would not content her.

If the fair stranger chanc'd to cast an Eye
 On any pretty Creature nigh; (die.
 She rag'd, she storm'd, and swore they both must
 Thus

Thus ev'ry thing she saw conferr'd,
To heighten the misfortunes, she indur'd,
If the next Lady did without design
Receive a glance or two,
As any pretty thing from *Lycidas* might do,
She storm'd, and would his Eyes to her confine:
His glances, his salutes are all her own,
And she robs her, that does receive ev'n one.

Nevertheless her jealous Ladyship was fain to conceal her resentments for ten or twelve days, for *Lycidas* was so long without visiting the Ladies at their several Houses, and our Gallant did not this without all the reason in the world, for he knew very well (though my intelligence did not inform me, how he came to know it) how much a man exposes himself in company, when he is ignorant of their Intrigues, which make the greatest part of the discourse, and for this reason he resolv'd to be fully acquainted with the story of the Town, before he engaged in company. And truly, that Gentleman Historian, that ill-natured Satyrist, I mean, that I told you of before, was as good a Master to instruct him, as he could wish, and one that proved very necessary to him in that conjuncture, and upon this consideration (for faith I know nothing else could induce him to it) he was scarce ever out of his company.

In a fair day they both went a walking together, to enjoy the sweetness of the Air, and see how the Spring had with her natural Artifice, (that you will say now is a strange one I hope) painted all the Trees and Meadows with her invisible

Pencil, beyond the happy curiosity of all the Italian Angelos; they went, if I am not mistaken, to a certain Garden not far out of Town, and when they came to the Gate of it, they saw two Coaches there, which made them suspect there was company in the Garden; wherupon they enquir'd of the Coachman, who told them that a kinsman of our Cavaliers, had Coach'd some seven or eight Ladies thither: Now who would not pity this poor Gentleman among such a company of Women, were he nine times a Man, that's about fourscore times more than a Tailor, he could never be enough for them: Why, a hundred Mouths would be little enough to answer them and kiss them, and a thousand hands would not suffice to clip them, hug them, and hand them: but I leave the Gentleman to the mercy of the Ladies, and must see what the other are a doing. They had no sooner learn'd of the Coachman, what I told you of, but they both agreed very prudently to go seek out some other solitary place, that would be more fit and proper for their purpose, and without more ado, were marching back again, when the Master of the Feast chanced to spie them, and running to them to stop them, he made use of that civil piece of violence, we commonly do in such cases, to engage them to come into this company. The Femels that thought one man to seven of them, was most intolerable, were not very much displeas'd at the arrival of these two Gentlemen; *Zelotide*, that was one of the company, and knew the Cavalier, went to meet him, pretending some business she had to tell him of, but it was
for

for nothing else but to lay hold of *Lycidas* first of all; her project took, the stranger fell to her share, and he, being a very pretty fellow, and one that spoke the finest things in the world, and having a very happy faculty to love when he would, or, what was all one, to make people believe so.

He then resolv'd his parts should not be hid,
And if he did not love, you'd swear he did.

And really, Sir, this first interview, while the treatment was providing, *Zelotide* had reason to be satisfied with him. They walked a great many turns of the Allie together, and *Lycidas* being no scrupulous person in making his Love-Declaration.

Swore presently ten thousand Oaths
Besides his pretty Faiths and Troths,
That from the moment he first saw,
Her charms, her charms, kept all his soul in aw,
And gently forc'd him to accept their Law.

That though she scorn'd his passion
And did his torments with contempt look on.

Yet she, yet onely she,
Should be the Empress of his liberty.

He had not quite finish'd his protestations, when Dinner was served up, and they were call'd to sit down. It was then, if ever, that *Lycidas* made a good use of his wit, and spoke a thousand the pleasantest things that ever were heard, so that the company was extremely pleas'd with him; and *Zelotide* conceived all the joy

imaginable, to see a person that she had some good will for, appear so amiable to all the world besides. But then her damn'd humour made her reflect, and think with her self, that if this stranger took her so infinitely, her companions too might be more taken with him, then she desired.

(screy,

And though she lov'd those charms she did de-
Both in his Lips and Eye

And all his beauteous harmony,

She wish'd those charms away

That might some other Lady make their prey.

Lest he should love elsewhere, or else be lov'd,

What cruel miseries her poor heart prov'd.

Her trouble was still augmented, and his actions, as she imagined, justified her suspicions; for the Gentleman did not, as she expected, only choose out the choice bits to present her with them, but took as much care too to pleasure the rest, and did it with a pretty grace, that charm'd the company, and made poor *Zelotide* run desperate; and this was the reason why they sat not long at Table, for our jealous Lady being one of the most considerable among them, rose up first, and obliged all the rest to follow her. They walked for some small time in the Garden, and then all the company retired. *Lycidas* mann'd *Zelotide* home, and by the way, beg'd of her most vehemently, the permission to wait upon her Ladyship sometimes, which she most courteously obliged him with.

They

They both parted very well satisfied with one another, and thought every hour an age till they met again. *Zelotide* was overjoyed at her Conquest, and perswaded her self, that now she had triumphed over the rest of the Ladies; and *Lycidas* was no less pleased to have begun his Female-acquaintance, with the most handsome and considerable Lady of the Town, and being yet ignorant of *Zelotides* ill humour, and believing she was no cruel Lady, he assured himself, that her Husband being now at *Paris* upon some important business, his Love would find no opposition.

He thought he now might own his Love,
And that the charming Dame
Could not so cruel or inhumane prove
As to condemn his Flame.

Her Vertue and her Honour were
The only enemies his Love could fear,
For her sweet Air, proclaim'd her not severe.
He thought those foolish Opposites, his Love
Might well without a Miracle remove,

In a word, Sir, he promised himself all the pleasure imaginable from his new Gallantry, and never dreamed of those troubles it would engage him in; on the morrow he put on the most proper and becoming Cloaths he had, and expected with impatience, the hour when he might see the Ladies; Well, at last it came, though to his thinking, most cursed slowly; and the Gallant goes to my Lady *Zelotides*, where he found her, in his judgement, a thousand times
C 4 more

more handsome then ever she was before, either at Church or the Garden; and she truly had done all she could to set her self off.

There were two Cousins of hers with her at that time, of which the name of the one was *Melite*, and the other *Cleonia*: both of them young, both handsome, and both of the most pleasant and gay humour, that ever you met with. These three amiable persons were very familiar, and scarce ever out of one anothers company. *Lycidas* that had naturally a very brisk wit, and made the best use of it he could in all Ladies company he came into, and a pretty kind of insinuation, was immediately received into this handsome Troop, and judg'd a very fit person for their amorous commerce, and one that they might talk too without ceremony, so that *Zelotide* would not any longer conceal her self, but spoke to him in the name of the whole company, either this, or much like it.

IF we may credit all your protestations, Sir, we may well perswade our selves, that our company is not disagreeable to you, and that whilst you stay in Town, we shall something oblige you in admitting of those visits you make us. It is our pleasure therefore to oblige you thus, and we receive you into our society, if you think your self capable to perform some certain conditions, without which, you shall never come among us. It is not improbable, Sir, that in that little time you have seen us, you have made a very advantageous judgement of the merits of my Cousins, and I dare assume the vanity to tell you, that no Ladies in Town ought

to be preferred to us, so that the Law we prescribe you, cannot justly seem too rigid and intolerable; to see no Lady, and admire or love any thing out of Breeches, but us; you have got a very inconstant mind with you, and I shrewdly suspect you for a fickle person, and one fit to abuse all the Women you meet With: your amorous lies and pretty perjuries, I'faith Sir, I must tell you our resolution; either renounce this humour, or our society, for they are incompatible; there are indeed in Town, some things in Petticoats that will admit of your Courtly wenching actions, but faith Sir, we shall not; We are too conscious of our own worth and excellence, to come in sharers with persons so much below us, and we must have you wholly ours, or not at all. Go, Sir, examine your self, and see whither you can endure to keep us company upon these conditions; and I dare assure you, that if you can, you will not repent of it.

Lycidas did not forget one word of this Harangue, and though it had been longer, his attention would not have been the less. So strange a surprize, as this discourse must needs put him into, made him stand mute and immoveable, and he was astonished to hear them make him such a Declaration at the first visit. But however, when he saw Zelotide had ended her harangue, I made her an answer agreeable to her wishes; and though he had never been reduced to such hard terms before, as to see but three Ladies in a whole Town, he swore the Conditions were too reasonable and obliging to be refused; and though they had not engaged him to them, he should have followed them out of his own inclination: And to confirm all this, he

vow'd

vow'd and protested, that they, though but three of them, were worth all he had ever seen before, and that any one of them were enough to make a most constant Lover of the most fickle Man in Nature.

Zelotide was very well satisfy'd with his protestations, and infinitely pleased for some few days, to see him most regularly observe his promises. And *Lycidas* had really not yet seen any Lady, but these three fair ones. But *Zelotide* for all this Excess of fidelity in him, was not yet contented, for seeing he visited her Cousins almost as often as her, she was extremely vexed that she had not bin more precise in her Declaration, and she became as jealous of her Cousins, as the rest of the Ladies; but she could not now civilly forbid him her Cousins Lodgings; for being bound to them in a very strict kind of friendship, she very often went to see them, and was glad to see her *Lycidas* there. Besides too, had he only visited her, it would be taken notice of, and her reputation might perhaps be blemished by it; she concluded therefore, that it was an inconvenience she could not possibly avoid; and that she was engag'd upon all considerations, to let the stranger visit *Milite* and *Cleonia*; but observing that the former of them had some affection for him, and was very well disposed to rob her of her Gallant, and so deprive her of the Honour of her Conquest.

She fear'd her Eies, as conquering as they were,
Might to her terror seem less fair,
When her hard rigors taught him to despair.

Lycidas

Lycidas was for favours still,
 Obliging Favours still enslav'd his Will.
 Goodness to Merits still he would prefer,
 And the kind Lady was his Conqueror.

Being hurried on by this fear of hers, which was but too well grounded, she resolved to prevent her Cousins Favours, and make sure of her Lover, that seemed yet in suspence what to fix upon; so that having very happily found an opportunity to speak to him in private, she discovered her thoughts to him, with all the freedom that she could; *Lycidas* promised her most faithfully his eternal Fidelity, and for some time afterwards, they lived in a very good Intelligence one of another; he often visited the two Cousins, but with such caution, that the jealous was out of the world to see it. All was very well for some days among them, but *Lycidas* must have his swing again, and you might confine Fire with less difficulty, then his wandering Inconstancy; he had not so narrow a Soul as to bound his happiness, and he is just of such a humour as I shall tell you now.

Not all the Beauties in the world could tye
 His Soul to make it keep a twelve hours constancy
 Free as the Mountain-winds he roves,
 Both when he's lov'd, and when he loves.
 Though Ladies cruel are
 He still loves one without despair,
 Nay sometimes he
 Quits Favours for their petty cruelty,
 And rather had be scorn'd, then lose his Liberty.
 Though

Though *Zelotide* was indoubtedly the handsomest Lady of the three, and perhaps of all the Town too; *Melite* begun to please him better then she did; her Soul was more mild and obliging, and he imagined he should endure a more easie slavery under her, then the former, so that he resolved to turn unfaithful to *Zelotide*; and seeing that it was very difficult for him to be so, both because the two Ladies were almost always together, and because *Zelotide* was very happy at discoveries, he resolved to make use of Artifice, and cheat her for all her jealousy to her face; that is, to be her servant in appearance, but to devote himself really to the young and pretty *Melite*. He found his loving fair one of such a disposition, as very much advanced the plot, and this good Good Cousin of *Zelotide* made no conscience to cheat her. In such concerns of Gallantry as these are, I can assure your Royal Highness, that there are not many Women in *France* that stickle for their faithfulness.

She that would count it a damn'd Sin,
To steal a Ribbon, nay a Pin
From a meer stranger, would not make
A scruple to partake
Of her fair Sisters dearest victories,
And make her Sisters share her prize.

And truly *Melite* was no more scrupulous then another, and she was overjoyed that she could rob her Cousin so neatly, she never refus'd *Lycidas*, and after by a thousand amorous Oaths, that the Courtly Gallant was never sparing of,
he

he had perswaded her, that she was the only person in the world that he most dearly affected, she very frankly confessed to him, that she had something of Love for him too.

And by a certain pretty method did
Discover, though she seem'd to wish it hid,
Her unsain'd Love with such a sweet address,
And such a sprightly wit
That none could doubt of it. (less.
You'd swear 'twas true, nor than she made it

Now they are both in a perfect union, and both agreed to mannage the business with all the Art they can; but to what purpose pray? as if any thing could be hid from the eyes of Jealousie. Though *Lycidas* visited *Zeloryde* daily, and personated the Lover as well as could be; for all his Artifice, she smelt out his Infidelity, both by the coolness of his Addresses, and that want of care he took to please her: whereupon, she search'd out the cause of it, and was not long before she lighted on it; she turned spie over all their actions.

She read it in their Words and Eies
And still confirm'd her Jealousies
By something in it self indifferent,
Which she still wrested to a bad intent,
She made it am'rous what e're 'twas meant.

Her eye still track'd 'em out
(Too faithful Scout)
And in two days so much of 'em did see,
She grew more certain then she wish'd to be.

Immedi-

Immediately hereupon, she resolves to break with her Cousin, what ever stir might come of it; but upon better consideration, she judged it better to dissemble her resentments, and endeavour to retrieve her *Lycidas*, by telling him of his Ingratitude, and the injustice of his change.

One evening, when she was walking alone with him in a Garden, where all the beauties spend some part of the night in the Spring time, she thought she had now a good opportunity to tell him of his falshood; *Lycidas*, who thought he could always abuse her into any opinion he would, began to cajol her as he use to do, and to assure her of his Love and Passion, a hundred manner of ways; but *Zelotye* answered all his protestations with raillery, why all this to me, Sir, said she, you mistake your self sure, and think you are with *Melite*; have you forgot who I am, and dare you be thus prodigal of your kindnesses in the absence of your Mistress; I vow, Sir, should she come to know of this, I am confident she'd severely punish you. You surprize me Madam, answered *Lycidas*, and I can't tell what to make of this, what the Devil do you mean it for, serious, or raillery? You cannot without injustice suspect me of any Intelligence with *Melite*. 'Tis true, she is very amiable, but it is also infallibly true, that since I had the happiness to love you, I never so much as thought to be unfaithful: I have seen your Kinswoman, I avow it, and have made her some visits, but you may bepleased to remember, that I did all this by your order; and I dare safely swear upon a Book, that were it not for the pleasure I took in obeying

your Commands, I should never have endured to keep one company, that I so little care for, and which, it is very probable, cares as little for me.

If you had heard him swear,
 You'd swear he faithful were,
 For still he talk'd of Love and Faithfulness,
 He talk'd of nothing more, and thought of nothing less.
 And did all this with such a sweet address,
 That none e're yet us'd more sincerity,
 To clear a Truth, then he to prove a Lie.

But for all this, all his Rhetorick could not persuade *Zelotide*, for when he still persisted to excuse himself, because she had commanded him to visit her Kinswomen, she interrupted him with a great transport of fury; what ingrateful Man, did I Command you to betray me, and turn unfaithful? and did you in pursuance of my command become a Servant, to that young brisk Jade, and leave me for a person in all respects inferior to me? and do you take me for so easie a fool as to believe all this? no, base Man, I do not, I shall never believe it; what did you two when you were alone together, if you must needs shew your Love before me: That affected coldness which you seem to have for one another, and then some cunning kind of looks that scape you in spite of all your affectation; your words of two meanings, that are only understood by you and your *Chronie*, and then that care you always take to have your
 Garni-

Garnitures of the same colour, to have all the new Plays and Romances continually from *Paris* to pleasure your Lady, your hugging the hornify'd Gentleman, and your insinuating your selves into his Love and Favour; your leaving Money after Play, upon the Board, to get the Servants your Creatures, your bringing alway Sugar-plums in your pocket for the Paraqueto, and above all, your petty quarrels when people are by, and secret signs with your Feet, when you think no body takes notice of them; These Mr. Infidel, and a hundred things more, which I am ashamed to speak of, will not permit me to doubt of your perfidiousness. Go, for an ungrateful Man. as you are, that do not deserve to be spoke to, though in reproaches and rail-lery, nor be honoured with a reproof, I should, continued she, have revenged my self on my unfaithful Cousin; Did I not perswade my self, that you would save me trouble of doing it, and she would no longer keep you faithful then I have done; I too well am acquainted with your inconstancy, and it was my unhappiness I knew it not sooner, and was kept too long in ignorance, that Favours and Obligations displease you, and that they are the ready means to destroy your affections.

Then was a great deal of rage in all this Harangue of *Zelotide's*, but her last words had something more of sweetness then fury, so that they might well have touch'd with pity, a harder heart than *Lycidas's*, and he was truly very sensible of her reproaches.

He grew at her complaint compassionate,
And his inconstancy begun to hate.
But his good soul, to give the Devil his due,
With such compassion had not long to do.

Yet he still did all he could to prove, that her suspicions were unjust and groundless, and that she ought not to rest satisfy'd with appearances: But seeing his obstinate denials the more enraged her, he at last, avow'd his infidelity, and begged his pardon in the most moving words imaginable; he forgot not Oaths, to assure her, that he would never again visit *Melisse*, and promised her most faithfully, to live exactly according to her prescriptions; Though *Zelotide* had no reason to believe his oaths any longer, she desired the truth of them so much, that she must abuse her self into an opinion of his fidelity once again.

His wit could now supply no just excuse
To justify his damn'd abuse.
But they that do the guilty person love,
The worst excuse do willingly approve.

And so she pardoned them, Sir, and they went out of the Garden in very good terms again. But the unfortunate *Zelotide*, that thought she had wrought miracles by her discourse, and obliged *Lycidas* to a perpetual fidelity, had unwittingly given subject for an Intrigue, that since has plagued her sufficiently.

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The

The Cavalier, *Lycidas's* friend, and first acquaintance, was one that had no great business to imploy himself in, and therefore he made it his business to seek it out; he was continually running from place to place, and where ever he came, setting all he met with together by the ears; He was in a word, one of those Creatures we call Fopps, Busie-bodies, contriving-Asses, &c. Fools that neither love themselves nor any body else; Confounded Coxcombs that would willingly undo themselves, might they bury another in their ruines.

This vertuous Gentleman was very often with a company of Ladies, that could not endure our *Zelotide*, of which, the most considerable, was *Cephisa*, some important Case at Law, or some contest at a meeting about their preeminence (for truly I was not certainly informed of it) had raised an enmity between their Families, whence this mortal hatred was transmittted to our two fair ones. The quarrel had been decided for some months before by their Friends, and Kindred, and something like a reconciliation was made between them; but for all their peaceable friends could do in it, something of the old grudge remained yet, which all the Town was very sensible of. Our Cavalier therefore, that was mighty great with this Troop of Ladies was by chance in the Garden, when *Lycidas* led in *Zelotide*, and seeing them alone by themselves, was infinitely overjoyed at so happy an occasion, to search out what intelligence was betwixt them, which he shrowdly suspected: To which purpose

purpose he hid himself among the Trees of a blind Alley, not far from that in which our Gallant entertained his *Zelotide*, whence without being perceived, he heard the greatest part of the Ladies complaints, and discovered, as faith he well might, that she was passionately in love with *Lycidas*, and that more then all this, she was divelish jealous of him. Never was any person more satisfied at the best news in the world, then he at this. He was already framing ten thousand malicious designs against the loving pair, and promised himself as much divertisement, as he could wish from so pleasant an adventure. He was not long, e're he discovered it to *Cephija*, and if my intelligence deceive me not, it was on the very next morning. The unlucky Lady is as hugely pleased with it, and hoped, as well as the Cavalier, to draw no small advantage from so welcome a discovery.

Having laught their Bellies full, together, and consulted what they ought to do in this conjuncture; they at last concluded, that if *Zelotide* was so jealous of her own Cousin, she would be abominably jealous of another Lady, especially if that Lady were her enemy; and that therefore, if they could perswade *Lycidas* to visit their company, *Zelotide* would even die with despite, but before her departure, she would be guilty of some pretty extravagancies, which would give them matter enough to laugh at it.

After these grave determinations, the Cavalier engaged to bring *Lycidas* to give her a visit, and she on her part very confidently pro-

mis'd him, that supposing he brought him thither, he should be made to come again.

Thus were they plotting, Sir, against the poor *Zelotide*, that never dreamed of those miseries they designed her, whilst she poor Lady enjoyed all the happiness she could wish for, for *Lycidas* forbore to see *Melite*, and had performed all he was bound to, at least, in her opinion he had. But faith, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, he was half a weary of *Zelotides* Tyranny, and without question, he had not remained faithful so long as he did, had not Fear more then Love perswaded him to't, for now he was no longer ignorant of her Fury and Jealousie, and feared them too, no less, then he loved and admired her Beauty.

The sweets of Love

He still desir'd to prove,

But then those sweets of Love to him would be
Inspid, when for them he lost his liberty.

He of the humour he then was, had rather enjoy the liberty to gaze on all the Ladies in the world, without any other advantage, then that of subscribing himself their servant, then to be reduced to those hard terms of seeing but one, though she loved and favoured him, as if Heaven and Earth would come together. And it was this inclination of his, that rendred *Zelotide's* Empire so odious to him, but he could not well disengage himself; and faith, though
knew

he was a Soldier, I dare swear he durst not: He knew Madam *Zelotide* and her confounded humour well enough, to know what treatment he must expect of her if he forlook her; and it was not improbable, that her kindred that were very considerable in the Town, would very much resent his ill usage of the Lady, should the secret ever be discovered, as she was like enough to do it. So that he was engaged to visit no other Lady in the Town, and almost resolved too, and that as seriously as one of his humour could, never to give her any more reason to be jealous of him, But, faith, it was no hard matter to destroy his resolutions; and truly our Cavalier, though no incomparable Orator, had not much to do to perswade him to go see the fair *Cephisa*,

Lycidas knew very well the present state of the Town, and by consequence could not be ignorant of that aversion *Zelotide* had for her, nor what his Mis's sentiment would be of this visit; and truly this consideration made him for some few minutes, resist the temptation, when the Gentleman perswaded him, but when he was something urged to it, both because he was her neighbor, and thereupon at least engaged to visit her, and for some other petty reasons, as inconsiderable as the first, he consented to it, hoping that *Zelotide* might never know of it,

Being now fully perswaded, the Cavalier leads him to see *Cephisa*; she was a pretty young gay Creature, so that any one of her many rare Qualities would be sufficient to have engaged a hard-

der heart then *Lycidas's*; and telling you this, I need not tell you that our Gallant grew desperately in love with her, that is, as desperately in love as he could be. He presently forgot his jealous Lady, and doing as he used to do, had not the patience to delay his amorous Declaration until the next visit.

He had still ready made.

His vows his oaths, and all his am'rous Trade,
(Those pretty Engines to deceive a Maid)

Just as some quacking cheat

Doth still the same to a syllable repeat, (o're,
And with hard words ten thousand times said)

Still cheats the Rabble as he did before.

His Declaration was still the same

To all he ever came

From the brisk Courtier to the City Dame

And ask'ring but a word or two

It still will do

Nor need he a new Speech indite.

Still, still the same to th' black, to th' brown
(and white,

Cephisa now had got him at the point she wished, and therefore to keep him there, she received his addresses most obligingly, and answered his Declaration, with all the civility imaginable; so that when he left her, he was engaged as much as she could wish him, and was now fully resolved to visit her as often as possibly he could.

As soon as he was got home, he fell a considering what a horrid trouble he should be brought into, if *Zelotide*, should chance to discover his new engagement; but being very willing to flatter himself, he thought, though he had but little reason to do so; that *Cephisa* living in a by-corner of the Town, and never speaking to *Zelotide*, the business might very well be concealed from his troublesome jealous Lady.

And to effect his design, he parted his visits betwixt his two Mistresses, with all the care imaginable; and truly his diligence was very successful. For *Cephisa* and the ill-natured Cavalier, would not have his new passion talked of; till it was out of possibility to be destroyed; and that *Zelotide* might be the more enraged, when she knew how long *Lycidas* had been unfaithful to her. Our pretty jealous Creature therefore knew nothing of his visits for a week or two, but she had observed something however, that began to disquiet her; and that she might look to't in time, she resolved to speak to *Lycidas* of it, when next she saw him.

On that very day that she had taken this resolution, he failed not to wait upon her, and their discourse very happily chancing to be about fidelity, he commended his own to her with all the vehemence imaginable, and swore that strict obedience he had rendered her, since she was pleased to forbid him the company of *Melite*, was so uncommon, and admirable, that she was very much obliged to him for it: Yes, Sir, answered she, I must confess I cannot blame

you for visiting my Cousin, but for Heavens sake take heed you give me not a more just occasion to complain of you upon some other account. I have perceived something that makes me very much suspect your unfaithfulness; for Gods sake do not justifie my suspitions, and let it not be true, that *Lycidas* affects *Cephisa*. You know I hate her most mortally, and that I had rather you should wait on all the Ladies in the Town, then that enemy of our Family. And know, Sir, it is not without reason I tell you of her.

On Sunday you saluted her at Church with greater respect then I could have wished, and she returned your reverence with an obliging Air, and a look so passionate, that it plainly witnessed some intelligence betwixt you.

On *Munday* I saw your Man and her Maid together, in so familiar a conference, that I fear the Master and Mistriess were concerned in it.

On Tuesday I was informed, though not from you, Sir, you changed your Lodging near *Cephisa's*, and that your Landlady had sometimes served her, and was still very often with her. This Neighborhood, this Landlady, and this Familiarity between them, you must needs grant is suspicious.

On *Wednesday* you pardoned a Soldier that fled his Colours, at the Request of the Husband of my Enemy, though you had refused before to pardon him, when all the Town entreated you.

On

On *Thursday* when her Coach was over-turned, you broke through the croud to help her, though I am confident you were not ignorant, that you would have very much obliged me, had you let her die there.

And yesterday, I was told that you took her Taylor and Shoemaker; and faith, Sir, I must tell you, people think very strangely of these Taylors and Shoemakers, that work both for Men as well as Women; there are those will swear they meddle with something else besides their Trade; and making Shooes and Cloaths is not all they are employed in: the Taylor especially, those gentle Mechanicks, that can with such a dress, joyn Breeches and Petticoats.

So that there is not one day all this week, that I have not had just reason to suspect you. For to compleat the week, this morning I am very credibly informed, that in company where you were, you commended *Cephisa* before all the Ladies in the Town. And now, sweet Sir, let me assume the confidence to demand of you, whither one can praise a Lady so extreemly, without knowing her, or know her without offending me; since I hate her unmercifully, and it is the most sensible affront I can receive of any friend of mine, to visit her.

When *Zelotide* had ended her Bill of Grievances, *Lycidas* did all he could to pacify her. He proved to her that all her suspicions were very slightly groundd, and at last made no conscience to swear to her most Religiously, that, he never went to see that Lady, nor never would
while

while he breathed. *Zelotide* was willing to believe him, but all his Rhetorick could not absolutely perswade her, and undoubtedly your Royal Highness will not blame her incredulity, which was at present most reasonable. The poor jealous Lady after a troublesome night, gave order next morning to her Lacquey, to go take a fit post in a blind Allie before *Cephissas* Gate, to see without being discovered, whether *Lycidas* entred there or no.

The little fool might then have cur'd
Those tortures she endur'd
And by an inn'cent lie
Her rest, her peace procur'd
And silenc'd her distracting jealousie.
Thus disobedience might his faith express,
He'd serv'd her better had he obey'd her less.

She was now assur'dly her too zealous Lack-quey, that she was abused, and that her Lover visited her Enemy; she longed to see him again to punish him for his misdemeanors. But *Lycidas* not coming all next day to wait upon her, seeing it was fair, and fit for a walk, she resolv'd towards the evening to turn scout her self, and go watch the unfaithful *Lycidas*; upon this designe she takes onely her Lacquey with her, and under pretence of going to see a Woman, that nurs'd a Child of hers, and that lived in the Suburbs; where she knew that *Cephissa* and all her company commonly walked, she stood Sentinel in the House to see whether
Lycidas

Lycidas were among them. But all her trouble, that she gave her self, was to no purpose, for *Cephisa* being something indisposed, went not out that evening. and *Zelotide* was now benighted, when she returned homewards. As she was going through the street where *Cephisa* lived, and was got hard by the Gate, she heard *Lycidas* his voice not above six yards from her; whereupon she stopped to hearken what he said, and was not long e're she heard him speak to the Cavalier, and promised him to stay for him at *Cephisa's*. Being now an Ear-witness of his unfaithfulness, she thought on nothing, but following the dictates of her Anger and Jealousie, she Commanded her Lacquey to retire, and making use of the favour of the night, she entred the Gate without discovery, and so got upon the Stair-case where she resolved to expect *Lycidas*; *Lycidas* having left the Cavalier, entred very briskly, and never dreaming of the Ambuscado that was laid for him.

Spurr'd on by Love, away he run,
And up the Stairs he got as soon
In spite of night, as if he'd seen the Sun.
Desire, sweet sweet desire led on the way
Who could to seek a Mistress, go astray?

But your Royal Highness may very well imagine how surprized he was, when he felt himself stopped, and perceived he was in the Arms of a Woman; he thought at first it had been *Cephisa*, who came out of roguery to frighten

en him (for he never so much as thought of *Zelotide*) and hereupon cryed out; *Fair Cephisa, you thought to frighten me, and thought I should not know you; but your bright Eies have betrayed you, and their light Madam, hath spoiled your plot to keep your self undiscovered: and now saith, Madam, I must have satisfaction for this malicious designe upon me, and the place is so fit and proper for my revenge, that I never deserve the happiness, if I let slip so fair an opportunity.*

Had the cross Lady but consented to't,
 He would have soon perform'd what e'r she
 (pleas'd;
 Had but the jealous Creature let him do't,
 He had her Anger and her Rage,
 Most manfully asswag'd.
 Spite of her self, he had her self appeas'd.

But he was strangely astonished, when in stead of that Courtesie, he expected, the unknown Lady caress'd him with all her natural weapons;; Tooth and Nail she was at it, and her Feet were not idle neither. For anger had so transported *Zelotide*, that at first she had lost the use of her Speech, but saith Sir, she retained the natural faculty of biting, scratching, and kicking. *Lycidas* was never so handsomely entertained before, and in the midst of his surprize, he could not imagine whence proceeded all this obliging Treatment; but at last he came to be informed of it, by those reproaches that *Zelotide*, after she had got her speech again, most bitterly pursued

fued him with; *Ingrateful Man*, said she, perfidious wretch, dost thou thus observe thy Oaths, thy Vows, and Promises; yea, you swore to me with all the impudence in the world, that you would never visit *Cephisa*, and yet I catch you here my self in the night time, and in such a condition too, that shows you are in no bad terms with her.

And still pursuing her fierce rage,
Which the poor Gentleman could ne'r assuage,
Her Feet, her Nail, her Teeth again
Began to storm amain,
She bit, she scratch'd, she flung,
While still her Tongue
Such a damn'd peal rung,
That for its violence the storm could ne'r belong
O had she had a Ponyard in her hand
How she'd a stab'd the faithless Gentleman;
He from her rage must needs have found his
death,
Though she for grief next minute lost her
breath.

All that ever the poor *Lycidas* could do in this conjuncture, was to make use of all the strength he had, to carry her away in his Arms, and bear her by plain force into the street; for he very wisely considered, that *Cephisa's* Stair-case was no very convenient place to make his reconciliation in with *Zelotide*, and that if this adventure came to be known, then might, God knows what come of it. But he could not carry her away so suddainly, but *Cephisa* heard the
noise,

noise, though she knew not exactly what the matter was, and the noise ceasing on the sudden, she believed that some of the Household had been playing the fool together.

At last *Lycidas* having got *Zelotide* into the street, and given her his hand to lead her home, he began to show how imprudently she had behaved her self; how that if her extravagance had been known, she would have given a very ample subject for *Cephisa* and the malicious Cavalier to laugh at, nay, and all the Town too, and that hence-forward she ought to take a greater care of her Honour and Reputation. Take thou then a greater care of it, replied the poor Lady weeping; *Cruel Man!* since thou knowest to what transports thy Love carries me, oughtest thou to expose me to all occasions of them? and ought, not you out of gratitude and acknowledgement, to cease to visit that Woman, that I hate above all the world, and which you ought to hate too, had you any love or respect for *Zelotide*?

Thus to fierce rage succeeds soft tenderness,
And a wise Lover can make use of this.

And so did our *Lycidas*, who seeing his *Zelotide* something pacified, hoped he might wholly pacify her; so that having walked along for some time, and now brought her almost home, he desired her to wipe away her Tears, and to put her self in order as well as she could, lest the House might take notice; And then he promised her, that as soon as she was got home, he would

would justify himself better then she thought 'twas possible he could; nay, he engaged he would bring her such reasons, as should absolutely satisfy her; and as soon as they were got into the house, both of them seating themselves on a Couch together, and out of all hearing, Lycidas spoke either this, or something like it.

I Must confess, Madam, I promised you never to visit Cephisa, nor was I ignorant of your aversion for that Lady, nor how much I should disengage you, should I admit of any engagement with your enemy; yet after all this my frank confession of those faults you charge me with, be pleased but to consider how I committed the crime, and you will be enforced to confess it was not so great as you would please to make it. The first visit I made Cephisa, I was absolutely necessitated to. You remember, Madam, that day the Coach was overturned, I happened to be so nigh the place, that civility engaged me to succor the Lady; and then it was, Madam, that I was constrained to lead her home; on the morrow she sent her Husband to return me thanks for my civility, so that I should have been the meekest Clown in nature, had I not waited upon her. About two or three days after, I went to acquit my self of this obligation, and there I met a company at Cards, where they would needs make me a Gamester; and then having lost all my Money, not to abuse you, Madam, it was that onely consideration drew me thither, as Gamesters most commonly do all they can to save themselves. It is true, Madam, I never made you acquainted with it, and I was fear-
ful

ful it might displease you, should you come to know of it; and I cannot deny neither, since you will know all, that sometimes when I was at Cephisa's, I never playd neither, but be pleased to know then, it was because I found no convenient company; and you know very well, Madam, since your Husbands return to Town, I cannot have the liberty to wait upon you so often as I could wish, so that not knowing whither to go, I have sometimes gone thither; this House of Cephisa's is not far from my Lodging, so that I have spent some hours there, more for custom or convenience, then for any inclination: I have been there sometimes after dinner, but faith, Madam, it was because I knew not how to spend my time elsewhere, and sometimes a cross humour of mine hath kept me there, only out of design to vex the Lady and the Cavalier, for I saw my presence gave restraint to their company, so that, Madam, did you but know how I carry my self there, hating Cephisa as much as you can for the heart of you; you would be very well satisfied at those visits I render her: sometimes I compliment her, but it is after so mad a strain, that neither she, nor I my self understand a word of it: and after all these obliging fooleries for divertisement, I pick a quarrel with her, and rip up all her faults to her face; in a word, Madam, I treat her like a person that you hate.

I believe, Sir, these excuses will not seem very plausible, and it is possible, too long too, to be spoke to an impatient Lady without interruption: but Zelotide I can assure you, heard them most attentively, and highly approved them; for the

the fear she conceived of losing *Lycidas*, and the joy she resented to see him excuse himself, with so much submission, after such an adventure, when she might reasonably expect he would have broke with her, appeased her instantly, nay and made her repent too of her rash proceedings: she promised therefore *Lycidas* to love him as much as ever, upon condition he would no more see *Cephisa*. *Lycidas* told her, he could not so soon leave off seeing her, lest it might occasion some strange reports in the Town, and make people suspect them; but he assured her, the next time he played there, he would raise some quarrel, that he might have some pretence for his retreat thence. *Zelotide* was very well satisfied with his design.

So the two Lovers march'd along,
 And o're and o're
 They vow'd and swore
 They never more (wrong,
 Would their true Love and sweet contentment
 The peace thus formally concluded was,
 When *Zelotide* and *Lycidas*
 The more to strengthen it, thought good
 To Sign the Treaty with their Blood.
 They now redoubled all their kindnesse,
 And their true love more firmly to expresse;
 Did with true Flesh and Blood, (cou'd.
 What lusty Lovers do, and whiners with they

When *Lycidas* promised *Zelotide* to disingage himselfe from *Cephisa*, he really intended it. But

he no sooner saw that lovely Lady, but he grew conscious of his disability to perform his promises.

For when he saw the pretty Dame again,
His Faith recoil'd,
His Loyalty was basely soil'd,
Nor could he any more his word maintain,
And if he saw her once, he must again.

And besides all this, he had not yet obtained the fruition of his wishes, and a kiss, and the like, had been all he had yet received of her, so that resolving not to lose all that trouble he had already engaged in, he pursued his visits; the jealous Lady was very well acquainted with them, but when ever she spoke of them to *Lycidas*, he told her he was just upon the point to leave her, and that he had not yet found any occasion to start a quarrel, as he told her he would.

That plotting Fop the Cavalier did not yet know a word of what had past upon the Staircase, so that he suffered a very considerable loss in it, for had he come to know so pleasant an adventure, that malice of his that was so natural to him, had drawn very fine advantages thence, and that talkative humour of his, would have been extremely gratified in publishing the secret with all the expedition imaginable. But though he missed of this, he hit upon one far better, and he was continually hammering something to disturb the best friends he had in the world, he lighted on a most cursed Intrigue that plagued
Lycidas

Lycidas and *Zelotide* no less, then it satisfied the Author and *Cephisa*.

One evening, that was one of the most serene and pleasant that ever had been seen, and that invited all the Town to walk abroad in so sweet a season; all the handsome Creatures in the Town, went abroad to take the Air in the Garden I told you of before. *Lycidas* led *Zelotide* thither too, where they had not taken above three or four turns, before the Cavalier and *Cephisa* discovered them, and thinking they had a most happy opportunity to practice a divelish project of theirs, that they had been plotting for some time before, they resolved to put it in practice. The Gentleman projector would needs manage it himself, who meeting a Lacquey of a Friend of his, gave him instructions what he had to do; and to encourage him to perform his part with the greater willingness, gave him something: the Lacquey was very willing to serve him, and took the Letter that the Cavalier had provided before hand, and following the orders had been given him, he went to seek out *Lycidas*, and having found him without any great difficulty, he delivered him the Letter in *Zelotide's* company, and told him a Lady that he knew not, had commanded him to give him it. The young Rogue staid not long enough to be asked many questions, but immediately disappeared (if I can properly say one disappears in the night, when there is almost no appearing) The Letter produced most effectually what it was designed for. For *Zelotide* considering how

it was delivered; suspected some new engagement, and thought *Lycidas* was got again at his infidelity.

Now for some Treason *Lycidas*
Suspected was.

On the least subject she
Reviv'd her Jealousie.

Whilst her curst humour did her soul inspire,
From the least spark, she'd strait advance a fire.
Her rage must still oppose what e'er withstood,
And what you would not have her see, she would.

It was for this reason that she presently snatch'd the Letter out of *Lycidas's* hands, and was fully resolv'd to read it: the two spies that follow'd them at some distance, and were a preparing themselves to laugh their guts out, were not at all deceived in their expectation. They heard *Zelotide* very urgent with *Lycidas* to go out of the Garden, to see for a Light to read the Letter, while that poor Lover was dissuading her to no purpose. For though he was wholly ignorant whence the Billet came, he was fearful there might be something in it, that her jealousy might make some ill interpretation of, and for this reason he did all he could to keep her in the Garden, and used all the wit he was master of to get the Letter from her. But his endeavors proved successful, and *Zelotide* spying a Light in the Gardeners, she forced *Lycidas* thither with her. The poor Gentleman so hung an Arse, you might easily perceive, with what regret he went forward, and

and the jealous Lady trooped along with such precipitation, that by her pace you might see her impatience. *Cephisa* and the Cavalier followed them undiscovered, and took a very convenient post under a little blind window of a ground-Chamber, whence they might easily see without discovery, and hear through the Glass all that passed between the Lovers. The impatient Creature was no sooner got nigh a Lamp, that gave light to all the little house, but she examined the Seal of the Letter, but not knowing it she at last opened it, but faith, drew as little satisfaction from that, as she had from the Seal before; she found nothing there but strange conjuring kind of Characters, that she understood not one tittle of; and it is very probable no body else. It is impossible to tell you what an excess of grief and despite, she resented at so strange a rencounter. She was presently perswaded that these were some Cyphers or other that *Lycidas* understood, and that without question, this Billet invited him to some Assignment with some new Mistress of his. Hereupon she begs of him, she threatens him, she persecutes him to discover this Mystery. But the Devil was in him if he did, for he understood no more of it, then she did, and all he could do, was to swear he could not devise the meaning of it, that without doubt the Lacquey had mistaken him for some body else, and delivered the Letter to a false person. All this was true, he told her, for the Cavalier had scribbled over the Paper with those Arabian Pothooks, only to distract the poor *Zelotide*, and expose

her ridiculous jealousy and extravagance : But *Lycidas* might swear long enough before she believed him ; she still rested perswaded she was betrayed again by the unfaithful *Lycidas*, and took this Letter for an undoubted proof of it. Being grown now almost desperate, and never hoping to get the secret out of *Lycidas*, she makes use of her last effects of Goodness, of Rage, and all the Eloquence they had inspired her with.

Nay my dear *Lycidas* I prethee tell.
 I faith you must, and all shall strait be well,
 I'll gently pardon my dear Infidel.
 Nay I'll commend thee for thy secrecie,
 Excusing what I did not see.
 Come with that fear dispence
 And make me one of your Intelligence.
 And since my weaker Beauty could not be
 Pow'rful enough to chain your liberty
 Come, come, this pretty victress pray let's see.
 Though I the torments of a Rival prove,
 Yet I'll be sworn, I'll not disturb your Love.
 I'll think some handsomer
 You did to me prefer,
 I'll think her charms might well your Loyalty,
 Destroy, and make my servant false to me.

But seeing she'd prevail'd nothing by her entreaties she descended to her Rage and Fury again, which it will be extremely difficult to express to your Royal Highness.

Cruel

Cruel inhumane Man, she said,
And wilt thou still conceal thy guilty Love ?
That guilty Love that hath thy faith betray'd,
And makes poor *Zelotide* such pains to prove ?
She stop'd awhile, and then her rage dislaid.

Yes, I will know that wicked Jilt

I will, base Man, and when I shall
Have found her out, she in thy sight shall fall,
And expiate both thine and her own guilt.

My Rival by this hand shall dy,
Yes, Sir, 'tis Justice, and not Cruelty.
Nor care I what the graver world may cry.

Let 'em condemn my Rage, or justify ;
Credit's a thing remote, when injur'd Love is by.

If your Royal Highness could possibly be surprised at any thing, it would without doubt, to see a Woman make Verses thus *extempore* ; But if that opinion be true that tells us, that Poetry hath something of Enthusiasme and Fury in it, you must needs confess, Sir, that *Zelotide* was in a most incomparable vein Poetical.

Lycidas was now infinitely troubled with her Pray'rs and her Menaces ; But it was out of his pow'r to satisfy her, and unfold a mystery, that he himself was utterly ignorant of. And now *Zelotide* seeing neither her pray'rs nor her threats could force the secret from him, very happily thought upon a stratagem, that must of necessity convince him. She was confident, that he had received more Letters then this one, from his new Mistress, and that if she searched him immediately

diately upon the spot, she should find some other tokens of his perfidie about him. Having abused her self into this opinion, she must search his pockets, where she found a great company of Letters that he received from his friends and kindred; she had the patience to open all, one after another, and finding there some few of 'em of a Womans hand, she read them over and over, and unhappily meeting with something in them that she did not well understand, she presently concluded they came from her unknown Rival; for though *Lycidas* was Treated as a Cousin or Brother in them, she said, that was only out of confederacy to hide their deceit. In fine, having read over five or six of them, and discovered nothing considerable, she went to open another; but *Lycidas* seeing by the Supercription, that it came from his Sister, about some business that concerned his Family, which for many considerations he was engaged to conceal; he pulled it from her, and told her that he could not possibly let her read that, and immediately tore it in pieces. Your Royal Highness may easily imagine that there needed no more to perswade her that this Letter came from her Rival, and might have discovered all the secret to her.

Seeing him tear the Letter, up she flew,
She tore his Face and Hair,
Or by his Hair along the Lover drew,
Such were the dictates of her fell despair.

And

And could her Nails have reach'd his Heart,
(Where her fair eies had often play'd their
part.

And stamp'd her Image with so sweet an Art)
She would his Heart have torn in pieces too,

And pul'd her Image thence,
She with that loss could easily dispence,
Could she but give the faithless Man his due,
And he that first the fierce *Mege*ra drew
Might very well have took her Image hence.

But the good honest Gardener, which had never read of *Mege*ra, nor perhaps heard of her, took her for some Woman bit by a mad Dog, and thereupon armed himself with all his Utensils, his Bill and his Knife, &c. that he might upon occasion turn *Spaniard*, and fight with Sword and Dagger, and I cannot tell what besides, lest she should do him a mischief. *Cephisa* and the Cavalier were not altogether so fearful; all the pain they were in, at least the most considerable, was to forbear laughing out, lest they should be discovered.

All that the poor Gallant, (I think I may justly call him so in this adventure) could do after his mad Treatment, to fly his mad Mistress, (and faith I believe he did it as heartily as ever he sought her before,) and save his Honour in the sight of the Gardener and his Wife, who as he thought, were the only spectators of the Tragedy, was to answer her fury with railery, and get out of her hands as soon as he could; so that spying some Kinsmen of *Zelotide's* a walking in the
Garden,

Garden, and as good fortune would have it, something near the Gardeners, he went out very briskly, having first taken the Letters from the pretty fretful Lady, and entreated them to accompany *Zelotide* home, for he was engaged to leave her there, to quell some disorder that had happened among the Soldiers of his Company. He was glad he got off so, and was now fully resolved never more to expose himself to her capricious extravagancies.

Zelotide hearing how handsomely he had made out the story to her friends, had some comfort to see with what prudence and discretion he had excused her, and made use of the same pretence, as he had done. Her credulous Kinsmen were easily abused thus, but *Cephisa* and her Gentleman, that had seen what had past at the full length, knew the truth of all but too well for her repose and reputation. They laughed to some purpose, you need not doubt it, but the unconscionable Creatures were not content to laugh among themselves, they must needs publish it too, and communicate the success of their Intrigue. And your R. H. need not wonder at it.

For stifled Joy does to a torment turn,
 And what was made too warm, begins to burn.
 Its force is sprightly, quick, and vigorous,
 And if you keep it in, more active grows,
 But then its force one Heart can ne'r contain;
 Disperse thy Joy, and 'twill return with gain.
 This pretty contradiction pleasures have,
 For still their Joys encreas'd, the more they gave
 And

And it seems the Cavalier was very certain of this, for he had rather have lost the better half of Blood, then the pleasure to publish so pleasant a story; on the morrow therefore (so that it seems, the Cavalier was something mannerly not to call up his friends out of Bed at that time of night to tell it them) it was Town-talk, and many a dull Droll had bin past upon it. And now the Cavalier was as happy as he could wish to be; oh how he hug'd himself, and it is very probable took himself for the greatest wit of the Age, after so brave an Intrigue, so gallantly managed? so that you may easily imagine he told it to all he met with, what interest he had in it, how it was he that wrote the Letter, and took care to see it delivered. He spoke besides this, all the finest things he could upon that subject, and rallied upon it after a horrible rate, where ever he could find any that had the patience to hear him. *Lycidas* was told of it that very day, and seeing what bad effects this raillery might produce, that it was too bitter for a friend; and besides, he was engaged in Honour to testify by some gallant action, that he had not spread the report about, but some body else, he sought out the Cavalier, and desiring to be informed of the flying report that came from him, he could get no other satisfaction from him, but some new abuses; so that bidding him draw immediately, before they could be parted, he wounded him in the Arm in two several places.

And

And thus our petty Satyrists came off
After the pleasure of a scoff,
When on their heads their Raileries still fall,
And as they tal'kd, so now they suffer all :
They find themselves undone,
Because they laugh'd too soon :
They damn their Drollery
And now too late they see,
When all the danger's past
'Tis then the happiness to laugh at last.

The combat happening to be in a publick place, it could not be of any long continuance. The Combatants were presently parted; but the news of their quarrel being suddainly dispersed, their friends immediately made thither, and ranked themselves on one side and the other. The Cavalier had many very considerable Kinsmen in Town. But *Lycidas* was in the head of a Regiment, so that they could not easily make assault upon him. Their common friends seeing that the Cavaliers wounds were not dangerous, and the stir that the quarrel had raised among the people, might break out into some disorders, resolved to take order betimes about it. *Cephisas* Gentleman, the Man I mean that she call'd Husband, was one of the most active among them, to bring the Combatants to some agreement; for having learned that his Lady was concerned in the scandalous report, he judg'd himself engaged to silence it, with all the expedition he could. To which purpose he went with some friends

friends of his to the principal Officers of the Regiment, who were very glad to see themselves prevented in treating for a pacification; and to requite his civility, they agreed that the peace should be concluded at his House. The two fighters were led thither, and there they embraced one another, after some petty satisfactions adjudged to *Lycidas*, which my Intelligence did not acquaint me with, and which, it is no matter whether your Royal Highness know or no, since they are not material to the story.

Zelotide presently heard of the quarrel, but was not acquainted with the cause of it, for no body was so imprudent and uncivil as to acquaint her or her Husband with that railery that had past all the Town through upon the Garden-adventure. So that the jealous Creature not knowing what *Lycidas* and the Cavalier fought about, guessed at the cause of the quarrel, as a jealous Lady should do. She believed that the Cavalier that had served *Cephisa* a long time before, could not endure her engagement with *Lycidas*.

For Rivals, if they once but chance to meet
With odd caresses do each other greet,
Honour and Love Command them to fight on,
He for the Girl the Honour has to dye,
And he lives still the fair one to enjoy,
For one can ne'r be well, till th' other's gone.

This opinion of hers very much augmented her jealousy, if it was any longer capable of degrees,

grees; and the poor Lady for five or six days, was plagued worse then ever. For since the adventure of the Letter, *Lycidas* had never waited on her, so that she could not have the pleasure to tell him of his infidelity, nor the satisfaction she desired, to know the certainty of her suspicions; she was now thoroughly perswaded, that *Lycidas* had quite deserted her, to visit *Cephis*a with the greater convenience, that her Rival triumphed over her and her Beauty, and that it was probable they were diverting themselves with her extravagance.

These thoughts of hers so distracted her,
 That when her fury grew less violent,
 She of her jealousy would oft repent,
 And thinking on those miseries,
 Those briny Tears and bitter Sighs,
 Her humour did so fruitfully create,
 Her Rage, her Fury, she her self would hate.
 But then considering
 With what high reason she had jealous been,
 What reason then she had
 To Storm, to Rage, to bid her Soul run mad;
 Her jealousy she justify'd, (dy'd
 And swore she'd still be jealous, though she
 Of her repentance she repented too,
 All was unjust but what her Fury prompted to.

She had an hundred different resolutions in an instant, and some of them absolutely destructive of all the rest, but at last having consulted her own

own soul, she resolved to do her uttermost to retrieve her *Lycidas*.

She hop'd he still might think her fair,
Her Eyes were still as charming as they were,
When they first conquer'd him,
And did so lovely seem.
And if she must despair,
Her former Conquests ever to repair,
She judg'd it better still
To see him, though an Infidel,
Then ne'r to see the Man she lov'd so well.

This resolution seemed so plausible to her, that she preserved it for some days, and while she was in this mind, she very happily met an Officer of the Regiment, that she had some little knowledge of, and that was a very intimate friend of our *Lycidas's*, and if I am not very much mistaken, she met him as she was coming out of the Church one day. The Officer, being very obliging to the Ladies, as all *Lycidas's* his *Chronies* must needs be, offered her his service to hand her to her Coach, which she very willingly accepted, because she imagined, she might learn of him the ground of the quarrel; and truly, though my Author mentions it not, I can easily be perswaded, it was as well to get a new servant, as to enquire after the old one. The Officer was extreamly surpris'd to see her ignorant of what all the Town talked of, and wherein she had so particular a concern, and could not believe but that it was only a piece of her Countenance, to
endea-

endeavour to perswade him that she was not the cause of it. But she spoke to him so seriously, and so earnestly intreated him to inform her, that at last he was perswaded to it, both to serve the Lady, and do *Lycidas* a kindness: He assured her therefore, that the Garden-adventure was known all the Town over; that *Cephis*a and the Cavalier had divulged it, having first been the eye-witnesses of it in the Garden; that the Cavalier was Author of that Letter that had made all that disturbance, and that talking of it in all company he came into, *Lycidas* came to hear of it, and judging himself in Honour obliged to demand reason for the injury; and Duel a person that had exposed that Lady that he most passionately affected, to the laughter and abusive raillery of all the Town; he wounded the Cavalier, though not dangerously, and the business was taken up at Madam *Cephis*a's, because her Husband had very much concerned himself in their agreement:

Though this Relation very much afflicted *Zelotide*, when she heard how her extravagancies were laughed at, and what an ill opinion the Town might justly conceive of her Vertue, yet she could not chuse in the midst of all her sorrows, but resent the greatest joy conceivable.

She lov'd her Honour ne'r the worse for this,
Her Fame and Credit she did still prefer.

To life, and what was else more dear,
Yet Love must bear down all, what e'r it is.

Her

Her kind esteem of both of them was great,
 Great as esteem divided well could be,
 But if the one of them must needs retreat,
 Poor Honour then that one must be.
 Love forc'd her to't with such a sweet necessity
 That what e'r Honour urg'd in his defence,
 Was foolery,
 Scarce Sence.
 Thus that she might her Love more truly prove,
 She sacrific'd her Honour to her Love.

So that, Sir, you may easily imagine that *Zelo-*
tide was not extreamly troubled, and that she
 could admit of some Consolation in the midst of
 her afflictions ; for though she had lost her
 reputation, she was more concerned at the loss
 of her Lover, whom now she hoped she might
 recover. She could now no longer preserve her
 anger against *Lycidas*, since she found her suspi-
 tions of him were unjust, and he was more in-
 nocent than she imagined, and had behaved
 himself like a Man of Honour in maintaining
 the interests of his Mistress with such vigor, a-
 gainst the malice of a Rival, and the railery of
 an Enemy. And then she immediately was plot-
 ting how to revenge her self on *Cephisa* and the
 Cavalier, but she thought it now more conven-
 ient to think of Love than Revenge, and by all
 means to recall her *Lycidas*. She would not let
 slip so happy an opportunity, but humbly thank'd
 the Courteous Officer for the trouble he was
 pleased to give himself in acquainting her with
 the cause, and full relation of the quarrel ;
 F again

again assuring him, that till that moment she had been kept in ignorance of what so much concerned her; she told him, she acknowledged her self infinitely obliged to *Lycidas* for the defence of her Honour, and having now found by his discourse, that the Officer was *Lycidas's* Confident, and acquainted with all his secrets, she very ingeniously confessed to him, that vehement inclination, she had for his friend, and having by this obliging confidence drawn him into her Interest; she avow'd to him, that *Lycidas* had never seen her since the adventure in the Garden; that she was intollerably troubled at it, and that he would oblige her eternally, would he bring his friend along with him to honour her with a visit; that the chief reason why she longed to see him, was to beg his pardon for her unjust suspicions of him, and express her gratitude for the zeal he used in her service.

This civil obliging Officer promised her all she desired of him, and so left her, with a firm resolution to oblige *Lycidas* to wait upon her as much as formerly. The Lady had mov'd him with her pretty-taking conversation, and her Wit and Beauty pleased him so much, and she was so wholly amiable in his Eyes, that he concluded she deserv'd to be served with all the constancy in the world; that any Man of Honour or Conscience ought to rest satisfied with such a happiness, and that his friend was too too blame for his infidelity to so incomparable a Lady; and truly it seems he really thought so, for he kept his word most exactly; he told *Lycidas* of
all

all the discourse he had with *Zelotide*, and proved to him, that he was engaged to wait upon her, that he ought to take those extravagant effects of her jealousy for the marks of an incomparable affection, and that if Love could not induce him to see her, yet fear might persuade him to't, for what might he not with justice apprehend from a Lady as mad and desperate, as amorous.

Lycidas, since his Quarrel with the Cavalier, had not seen *Zelotide* indeed, but then neither had he seen *Cephisa*, having learned that she was an accomplice of his enemy; and so at that time his Love lay fallow, and without employment. For, Sir, I cannot justly count those for visits, that he made then (for it seems by my intelligence, he was with some more of the Females of the Town then two, though I have not learned their names nor quality) because he could not lose his liberty to any of the Ladies. But his humour would not permit him to live long thus.

Unhappy he

(be

Should he for two whole days without a Mistress

Two such whole days to him might well appear
More then a thousand year.

Cessation from his Love made seem

Each minute a whole age to him.

That musty rest to him appear'd more rude,

Then all the Lovers servitude,

With all its Gall, and bitterness imbru'd.

Trouble he lov'd and doated on, while he
Could not be quiet in tranquillity,

He a true Soldier
Without the War
Would quickly broken be.

Besides, Sir, he could not be out with his Mistresses for above eight days for the heart of him; and however they had plagued him, he forgot all their cruelties in a very short time. So that there needed not much perswasion to draw him to Madam Zelotides, His careful friend led him thither on the morrow, and knowing very well that when a pair of Lovers is once met, they agree among themselves a great deal better, than they would by the mediation of a third person, he left them either to be honest together, or do what they would; and they poor souls were so well employed, that they never saw their common friend sneak away from them.

*And faith
here I
think the
Poet is in
as bad a
humour as
his Lover.*

And though at first they both dissembled well,
She personated the cruel,
And he as surly was as none can tell,
But he that wrote Squire Witherington's Knell;
He left Love to be judg'd of their quarrel.

This little supreme Judge knows his Art as well,
as can be and draws considerable advantages from
such disorders, and those which pretend to have
a familiar acquaintance with him, assure us,

That he exacts his Fee
With all the vigor of another Judge,
Which if the surly Lovers grudge
Immediately to satisfy,
The cursed Villain leads him many a trudge.

But

But if they do, or at least counterfeit,
All that they can to pay the debt,
If they talk nonsense, play the fool

Sufficiently, and love by rule,

He gives so kind a sentence then

Both for the Ladies and the Men,

They both go satisfy'd away,

Though both are cast, both seem to win the day.

Our two Lovers, for now I think I may safely
call them so, recompensed him for all the care
he took, to bring them to an agreement, with
new acknowledgements, and new testimonies of
their submission. And, as he is indeed a very
pretty Arbitrator, and works our reconciliati-
ons, with the handsomest address imaginable;

He brought the matter then about so well,

And did so neatly make them both agree,

With his sweet Art, and pretty industry;

That the most curious could not tell,

Who the most willing was, the Man or she,

Both kiss'd, both blush'd, and blushing said;

In vain they have our Love betray'd.

Thus we redeem our fond delay,

And pull back yesterday.

Our melting kisses,

And am'rous bliss's

this's :

May teach the World there's no such joy as

Thus without wronging either, (ther

The little Rogue pleas'd both, and injur'd nei-

That's thus, he brought them both together,

Zelotide was never more satisfied since she breathed, and *Lycidas* was never more contented; *Zelotide* was ravished to find by the effect of her Garden-Adventure, that her servant was more innocent than she thought he was; and that that happy unhappy adventure, had made him renounce her Rival too. *Lycidas* was no less satisfied at this conjuncture, that proved him a most constant Inamorato, when if one might have searched his heart for him, he would have found him otherwise, and that furnished him with fresh means to deceive the poor *Zelotide*. They being thus equally overjoyed, the two Lovers, at last parted, and resolved to meet as often as they possibly could.

While the two Lovers were thus happy to excess, the fair *Cephisa* must not be forgotten, who as brisk as she was, began to be troubled at *Lycidas*'s absence; she now began to perceive that her laughing had cost her dear, and that her raillery had made her lose a man that she loved a great deal more than she thought she did, before he left her. She now repented of her Intrigues, and her designs upon *Zelotide*, though she hated her more now than ever, since they must all fall upon her. She heard of *Lycidas* and her Rivals agreement, and thereupon redoubled her Hate of *Zelotide*, and Love of *Lycidas*. While the Cavalier had entertained her with his fooleries, laughing, and diverting her self at the exence of her Rival, was all her employment, but now she thought on something else.

Then

Then she reflected on her Love,
That she did never, as she ought, improve,
She call'd her self an innocent,
A fool that so oppos'd her sweet intent,
And found that *Zelotide*,
Though she her sprightly passion did not hide,
Was yet the wiser of the two,
While she enjoy'd, what she but wish'd to do.
Those pleasures that she might have had,
When her bad conduct all her joys betray'd.
Did now torment her soul,
Which present griefs and her lost joys controul.
And now her Love too late had made her see,
That *Lycidas*,
(And then she call'd her self an Ass)
That Man of Men, that lovely he,
Was fit for something else then Raillery,

She was resolved to retrieve her Gallant, but here was the Diuel on it, she could not devise how to effect her wishes, and recall her injur'd Lover. The Cavalier, after their quarrel was no fit person for such a message, and *Lycidas* had left his Landlady that had formerly been her servant, so that every thing ran contrary to this unfortunate fair one. But, Sir, meer chance obliged her with the happiest opportunity she could have wished, and that it was impossible she should ever have thought on. She very happily met *Lycidas* at one of her Cousins, that she went to visit, and this Cousin, as good luck would have it, had got a Gentleman with her, that she had no aversion for, so that leav-

ving *Lycidas* to entertain *Cephisa*, she talked in private with this person, for truly, Sir, I have not learned his quality; *Lycidas* now very prettily engaged without the least design of his, to talk with Madam *Cephisa*, he began his discourse with reproaches; but the Lady made so many excuses, and protested so unfeignedly, and with so great a tenderness, that she was extremely sorry for what was past, that the easie *Lycidas* was touched with her submission. And truly who could deny so distressed a Beauty any thing? certainly *Lycidas* could not easily do it. Insensibility, I dare be sworn for him, was none of his crime,

When any Miss of his
 Had by some base devise
 (None e'r displea'd him with their cruelties)
 Anger'd the injur'd Lover,
 And in his Air did his just rage discover,
 She might her pardon easily procure,
 Poor *Lycidas* could ne'r endure,
 (Ladies you'l praise his pity sure)
 Not to give pardon and himself unto her,
 When his resentments rag'd as high,
 As injuries could make 'em lie.
 He the offence could easily forgive,
 And let th' offender in his bosome live.
 Though by malicious subtilty
 He by the pretty Sex should cheated be,
 He'd still retain his clemency, (him,
 And might the Judgement be referr'd to
 No witty Beauty, would long guilty seem.
 One

One cannot therefore wonder if these submissive and charming excuses of *Cephisa's* did not very sensibly move our *Lycidas*. Your Royal Highness will undoubtedly avow, that any one else, far more insensible, and obdurate than our Gentleman was, would be extreamly touched with them; if you please to consider, with how taking an Air our pretty Criminal uttered them. Nay, she pursued her submission still and told him, that if by any fault of another nature, she could expiate her past one, she was ready to engage in it, and prefer his Love to her Innocence; and that in a word, she would most willingly procure his pardon at the expence of what she held most dear in the world. The cunning Lady managed her business most incomparably, for the pacified *Lycidas* founded his happiness upon her promises, and truly his hopes did not abuse him, for after some small stay there, he led *Cephisa* home again, where the peace was concluded to the great contentment of both parties. After this formality was once over, they agreed upon certain rules for their living together in better intelligence, and managing their pleasures for the future with prudence, the longer to continue them: Then they fell a talking of poor *Zelotide*, and her extravagant jealousy; but *Lycidas* being very unwilling to clash with her any more, told *Cephisa* very ingeniously, that he must needs wait on her still; but he assured her, it should be only out of policy, to avoid any new disorders, that her mad Love and Jealousie might produce. It was not long before *Zelotide* was informed

formed of their reconciliation, and of those visits the Gentleman made *Cephisa* after their agreement; but *Lycidas* excused himself very plausibly to her, and told her it was very difficult for him not to see *Cephisa* sometimes, since all the Gamesters continually met there, and all the spiritual and ingenious persons of the Town made her House their Rendezvous; and then he swore he had no private acquaintance with her, and never saw her but in company; and thus the pretty Gentleman deceived the Ladies.

Now, Sir, You see all is quiet, the Cavalier and the two Rival Ladies agree very well with our Gallant; but damned ill luck must raise up a new disorder among them, and disturb their tranquillity as much as formerly.

A Cousin of *Zelotides*, we called her *Cleonice* in the beginning of this History, was to marry one of her Sisters (but truly, Sir, I could never learn what they called her, though I used all possible means to find it out) to a very near kinsman of *Cephisa's* (but faith, I cannot tell who he was neither.) Being the Wedding was to be publick, and very magnificent (whence I gather it was no *Westminster* one, though perhaps the couple scorned to have more honesty than our English fools that are to be married at the place aforesaid) the Gallant (for yet I think I may call him so, before he's brought to the Altar to sacrifice his liberty, and debauch his Mistresses into that dull and insignificant thing commonly called a Wife) for his part invited *Cephisa* and

and her Gentleman ; and the Lady-Bride invited her friends thither, and among the rest, *Zelotide* and the thing she called Husband. These two Families, as I told you before, for all that feigned reconciliation, hated each other still most mortally, but they concealed their enmity ; they faintly saluted one another when they chanced to meet, and when ill fortune brought them into company together, they were civilly complaisant, just as we are to strangers commonly, so that they could not handsomely refuse their invitation, though they knew before hand who they must expect to meet there. The Gentleman that was designed for the Groom had been an Officer in *Lycidas's* Regiment, and had been for some time an intimate friend of his ; so that *Lycidas* was also invited. The Feast was to be kept at a Villa of *Cleonice's*, about two miles out of Town. They all kept their Assignment very exactly ; and *Lycidas* that came something later than the rest was in the greatest trouble in the world to meet his two Mistresses both together in the same company.

Now *Lycidas* must needs confess

That Happiness

Has its excess,

And can to misery degenerate.

Thus plagu'd by two such loving Mistresses

He wish'd their favour less, (hate

Their Love disturbs him more then would their

Now

Now he must part his Favours too,
 And his kind Graces justly share;
 What should the poor distracted Lover do?
 They both are witty, sweet, and fair,
 Sweet as when gentle *Zephyrs* Fan the Air,
 That does unto some Flowry Vale repair.

Brought to this sad distress
 Both how to leave and chuse a Mistress,
 He all their charms look'd o're
 And found them both as charming as before.

What shall I do? he cry'd,
 Can I those Lips and sprightly Eyes forsake,
 That would of *Jove* again a Satyr make,
 Or force him some new shape to take?

No, no, I can't leave either,
 Nor can I my true Love divide.
 Then I must keep & love them both together.
 While thus confounded his poor soul remains,
 Now on his *Zelotide* he casts a glance,
 And thence he did his love the more advance,
 While he new Beauties spy'd, and charms by
 chance,
 That loaded him with more of th' Lovers
 Chains.

But when he look'd on his *Cephisa*, then
 His Love for her return'd agen.

While thus in distraction he lay
 Now leaning this, now th' other way,
 Now the sweet Girl, now th' jealous bore the
 sway,

At last his Fetters he would needs retain,
 And constant unto both remain;

But

But now at present he must see
How to divert his misery ;
And least he should displease either,
Resolv'd at present to chuse neither.

So that he resolv'd that I may tell it your Royal Highness in Prose as well as Verse, for that day to renounce both his Mistresses, and apply himself to Madam Cleonice. Being she was the Mistress of the house, and he had some acquaintance with her ever since he first saw *Zelotide*, and no body ever suspected him of any particular acquaintance with her, he thought he had taken the less dangerous resolution, and that by this happy means he might keep his Favour with both his Ladies. And truly the reasonable *Cephisa* was contented to see him bestow his love any where else but on *Zelotide*, and reckoned her self infinitely engaged to him ; but *Zelotide* was not of so tame a humour, she could not endure that her servant should care for any body besides her dear self ; and though she was overjoyed to see that *Lycidas* did not so much as look upon *Cephisa* ; she was not satisfied with that, but would have had him cast an Eye on no body else : but her prudence in this conjuncture, mastered her soul, and concealed her resentments, so that by her actions none could judge of her inward motions, though she suffered all the torments that Rage and Jealousie could inflict, while our *Lycidas* at the Ball, at the Banquet, or where ever he was, was always with Madam Cleonice, and carried himself so discreetly, that one would have sworn
he

he had not the least inclination for *Zetide* or *Cephisa*,

Lycidas came off thus a day and for some part of the night, till the Lady was brought whither she would be, to her Husbands embraces (for hang it, now that dull name must be used) where we shall leave them between the Sheets to their pleasures, (for, for the first night they will be something satisfied with one another sure, or else they never will) and see what the rest do, for you may guess at the married couples employment. *Cleonice* was now engaged to leave the company to go and give order for something about the house, and *Lycidas*, though he was very unwilling to part with her, was at last forced to leave her, so that now he was at a loss how to carry himself. The Ladies were at play in two several companies, whereof *Cephisa* was of the one, and *Zetide* of the other. So that for fear of displeasing either of his Mistresses, he would not strike in there: and the Men were as hot a fudling as can be imagined, and the greater part of them even dead drunk, with a pretty kind of Wine they had got, that charm'd them so sweetly, that they could have been content to have died over again, might they have so agreeable an Executioner. *Lycidas* was engaged there for some time, but staid not long among them; for this sport displeased him worse then the former, so that at last he thought it best to leave the company, and retire into some dark chamber, without speaking a Syllable, lest he might be dissuaded

ded from his resolution. He was no sooner got where he intended, and laid himself upon a Bed, that very happily he light upon in the dark, but finding himself excessive weary with Dancing, he composd himself to take a nap, where he fell asleep very soundly, with his Cloaths on, and had lain ruff all night, had not a very pleasant adventure raisd him: He had not been asleep much above an hour (it is possible it might be an hour and half quarter) when he felt something pull him by the Arm, and he was not well awake, when by some caressing, and amorous kind of injuries, he perceived *Zelotides* voice; the prudent Gentleman foreseeing what inconveniences might hence arise, if she was caught with him in the dark, told her very civilly, she exposd her self to too great a danger; that some servant might easily discover them together, and that the preservation of her Honour engagd her to leave him immediately, and avoid the displeasure that she must of necessity resent, if any one should spie them together.

Any other Lover less prudent then *Lycidas*, would not have troubled himself to mind his Mistress of her Duty in so happy an occasion; but, Sir, I am engagd to avow it to your Royal Highness, for I know *Lycidas* to be naturally a very prudent person, and one that loves to lay his Love-Intrigues as sure as can be.

But how gravely soever he preached to the Lady, it was all to no purpose: *Zelotide* told him

him that she had just left play, and had left all the company mighty eager at it; that all their Husbands and their Servants were half drunk; that she thinking to find him there by himself, had stohn up to him very secretly; that no body would mind her absence, or if they did, would think she was gone to Bed; so that she might without the least danger enjoy his sweet company for some few moments.

Forgetting then his danger, up he drew,
 And on his Prey he flew;
 Now his dull prudence he did soon reject,
 And nothing but his Love respect,
 His Love, his gamesom Love he thought upon;
 Wisdom & Prudence with their gang begone,
 To phlegmatick Philosophers retire,
 That tell you of content, & dream of nothing
 higher.

Lovers must mount; they'r all, they'r all a fire,
 What saucy danger dare his joys molest?
 And pull the Lover from his Ladies Breast,
 While he lies there 'twould impious be,
 To think of ought but Loves felicity
 And its fair Source, his lovely she,
 As in a Church 'twould impious be,
 To think of ought besides the Deity.

The Lady when she saw her Gallant fully persuaded, took her place very obligingly on the Bed-side next the Wall, and begun a very pleasant entertainment with the too too happy *Lycidas*, whereat both parties were very well satisfied,

fied, and I am confident, would never have been tired before morning, had not an unlucky accident intervened. The Lady had not long enjoyed what she desired, before she heard, as well as *Lycidas*, some noise upon the Stairs. This sudden troublesome noise obliged them to keep silence, and hearken what the matter was; immediately after they heard their Chamber door open, and some body come into them. Your Royal Highness may very well imagine what a condition this unexpected rencounter put our two Lovers in, they were afraid of all the world, and the smallest fortune they could hope for, was to be found together with *Zelotides* good Husband. This excessive fear of theirs had rendred them immoveable, and so they continued till *Lycidas* felt some thing very gently pull him by the Hair. He stirred not for all that, but snorted most courageously, to perswade the unknown Creature, if he could, that he was found asleep; but whoever the incognito was, it pulled him so strangely, that he could not any longer personate the sleeper; besides some pretty tender discourses, and some few claps of the cheeks, had now almost discovered the person; and those pretty sweet carresses made him swear it was *Cephisa*: and faith she was the very person that disturbed the dark entertainment, who having left off play, and missing *Lycidas*, she looked for him among the Debauché's, but not finding him there neither, she came to look for him in this very chamber; *Zelotide* that was got on the other side of the Bed, durst not so much as breath with

freedom, for fear she should be discovered, but listened very attentively, and easily knew *Cephisa* by her voice, and seeing with what familiarity she caressed her Servant, did but too plainly see their engagement; whereupon she grew stark mad with *Lycidas*, and no less with *Cephisa*, her despite crack'd her heart-strings; and that which very sensibly augmented these her misfortunes, was, that she durst not reveal her Sentiments, and unravel her Resentments; But though she durst not let her Rival know her, and revenge her self upon the brisk Jilt for that injury she received; *Lycidas* must feel her fury; she scratched and bit him by the hand, Arm, and Face, and pulled him by the Hair, of her side I mean; and in a word, wherever her Teeth and Nails could reach, she clawed him, as though the Devil were in her, or as though the Devil were in him, and she were to draw blood of the Wizard.

Between a loving pair of Ladies lie,
 And yet turn neither way?
 By *Lycidas*, rise up, both satisfy,
 'Tis not impossible, faith try,
 And bear the lovely prizes both away.
 Thy sweet *Catholicism* will both appease,
 Her lovely Rage, her killing kindnesse.
 What misery can equal thine, (bline?)
 When Love and Rage to plague thee both com-
 Stretch'd and immovable he lay,
 Like some dull lump of Clay
 Which no brave sprightly form did actuate,
 Nor could the Ladies make him show
 His Love or Hate,

For

For all they with their Lips or Nails could do.
This happy Cheek is kiss'd, and kiss'd again,
And her sweet charming Lips stood hovering
there

About his Lips, his Eyes, and ev'ry where,
Whence love had loaded her with many a chain
And when her Lips she stole away,
Her whiter Hands began the Play,
And strok'd the Roses in his Cheeks aside,
That nothing like a Blush might stop the Tide
Of their delight, and cause a dull delay.
But then the other side must bleeding lie,

And suffer whate'r jealousy,
Can with it's Fury make him do,
She pinch'd his hand, and bit his Lip in two ;
Yet still he lies insensible

To stormy Fury, and to milder Love,
Nor could you by his carriage justly tell
From whence he did the greater pleasure prove.
What can we hope from our sweet Mistresses,
When in the midst of two such pretty Creatures
For Wit, & something else besides their Features
In deep distress

Poor *Lycidas*

Lay like an Ass

That Verse nor Prose can his sad Grief express,
For two such Beauties too insensible,

He can no passion feel,
But in the midst of Heav'n he finds a Hell.

But necessity very much heightening his invention, together with that apprehension, he had, lest some disorder should happen between

the Rival Ladies, he very nimbly leaped off the Bed, and taking *Cephisa* by the hand; Faith, Madam, said he. I must be unhappy at present in spite of all your goodness, and your Favours must prove useless to me; nor can I embrace that happiness, which I would at any other time have sacrificed my life to have procured. I must have more prudence than you in this conjuncture, and preserve your Honour at the expence of my pleasures. Come Madam, I must lead you out of the chamber, and put you out of fear of a surprisal; without question, Madam, I infinitely oblige you in this, and make you shun an accident, that would trouble you as long as you breathed. He said no more, but taking her away with a pretty kind of violence, he led her out of the chamber, and having brought her down stairs, he left her at the Hall door, where all the Ladies were still a playing; she, as she was a very neat dissembler, humbly thanked him, and confessed he had very much obliged her. But, Sir, the business above Stairs had not been carried so happily, that *Cephisa* heard nothing of it; she heard something just as *Lycidas* was taking her away, and now must needs gratify her Curiosity, and see what the matter is; so that *Lycidas* had no sooner left her, but she followed him very silently to the Chamber door, where our too kind and loving Cavalier, and no less beloved neither, was scarce entred, but *Zelotide* that had now run mad with jealousy, caught him by the Hair, and with their Teeth, Nails, and Feet, did so handle him, you would have pitied the poor Gentleman.

Thus

Thus the poor *Lycidas*'s destiny
 Made him too late to see
 What a misfortune 'tis,
 How dull a bliss
 To have a furious Lady for a Miss;
 Thrice had the Man been Treated thus,
 With furious hands, and words more furious.
 At last assuming Courage, thus he said,
 Prithee give o're
 No more, my Dear, no more,
 Thy Fury has enough thy Love betray'd,
 I see, I feel its vehemence,
 Too smartly does it strike the sense.
 I cannot with such Favours well dispence.
 Thus I another *simile* may prove,
 Destroyed by what I first desired, my Love.
 Nay now e'n moderate
 Your too much Love, or your pretended Hate.
 Let me not have so kind a Mistress,
 And if you'll love me, love me less;
 Love in excess does to a torment turn,
 And what at first but warm'd, begins to burn.

But *Lycidas*'s Remonstrance had no great power over *Zelotide*'s soul, her cries were still continued, and her Female weapons were still employed in expressing her resentments. All this, Sir, *Cephisa* heard very distinctly, and those bitter reproaches that continually accompanied her assaults, taught the curious Lady what was the cause of the disorder; she knew very well by what she heard *Zelotide* say, that her secret Commerce and Intelligence with *Lycidas* was

discovered, and that if the noise she made were heard by any of the house, all their mysteries would come out, and her Honour be ruined eternally. Whereupon, very wisely considering for some small time, she reckoned it an extraordinary piece of prudence, to go and embrace *Zelotide*, and desire her, since they knew one anothers intrigues, to live in good intelligence with her, and like good friends very honestly to share *Lycidas* betwixt them; *Cephisa*, who was a very just good natured thing, would have consented to this Treaty with all her soul; but *Zelotide* was not of so tame a humour to go sharers with any one, she must engross the whole Commodity; and truly in that Rage she then was, a more moderate person then *Zelotide* would be mad at such a Proposition, as really she was, and Treated poor *Cephisa* after the strangest manner that ever was heard of; she immediately left *Lycidas*, and fell foul upon her Rival, and being incomparable good at kicking, biting, and those kind of laudable exercises; she attacked *Cephisa* with so much cruelty, that the poor Lady was necessitated to defend herself with the same weapons; *Lycidas* in the mean time did all he possibly could to part them, but they were so divelish hot at it, that all his endeavors proved ineffectual: the noise of this formidable and most dreadful engagement, was presently heard by some of the Family, and they very diligently, and with all the speed they could, acquainted the company, so that in an instant, the greatest part of them, ran
thither

thither with lights, to discover the unknown adventure.

Where the two Rivals did enrag'd appear,
Without or Wit or Fear,
Their Eyes did in their sparkling Dialect,
Their Rage detect. (springs
Whilst from those sources of bright light their
Far other Darts than those that conquer Kings.
They with an equal Rage are both possess'd,
She claw'd her Rivals naked Breast,
And with pure blood checker'd her whiter
Chest.

But th'other then had lost her Hood,
And her fine tresses did dishevel'd fall,
By which her Rival drags her to the Wall,
And so revenges all her loss of Blood.

But then her Point is gone,
And her new Locks are down,
And her pure Pendants scattered on the ground
Besides she 'as lost her Necklace;
Nor did the controverted Lover,
Though they both lov'd him, suffer less
They scratch'd him, threw him down, and tumbled over.

Six wounds he had all bleeding still,
Whence did that blood distill,
Could the impatient Jilts have staid,
Would have their fierceness and their Rage
allay'd.

Well tir'd he was and bloody too,
As well he might, after all this adoe,
And all 'cause one was not enough for two.

Then

Then for the Field where all this bloud was
spilt,

By one and th' other Jilt,

'Tis richly worth your observation too,

'Twas wondrous pretty, & I'le swear 'twas new

There lay Bracelets, Pearls, and Amber,

All spread about the Chamber,

Two Gloves at two yards distance lay,

Those white Inviters to so black a Fray,

There lay their Head dress,

That they had plac'd before with such a dress,

Three Cuffs, if I remember too, there was

Among which lay *Lycidas*

His new white Wigg, half tore to pieces,

(What a sad misfortune this is)

There was a great deal more worth your
Royal Highnesses Observation, if I could re-
member it. But this may suffice to perswade
you, that it was the prettiest Scene imaginable.
The first care that the Spectators took upon
them, was to part the Combatants; but the dis-
order, had proceeded farther, had not some
peaceable persons among them took up the bu-
siness. For the Husbands being got half fuddled,
without examination, ran on like mad caps to
take their Wives parts, so that the Battle was
beginning again as bloudily as ever, and had con-
tinued so, had not the Master of the House,
with the assistance of some Friends, and Kin-
dred, mediated betwixt them, and treated a
cessation from Arms on both parties, until the
cause of the quarrel could be known. They ask-
ed

ed *Cephisa*, and asked *Zelotide* what occasioned their engagement, but neither of them answer'd a word to purpose, but continued scolding at one another, as though they had been brought up at *Billingsgate*, and stood six times in the Cucking-stool; *Lycidas*, that had always a very quick invention in such conjunctures, and never pump't for a lie in his life, saw all was lost, if he did not light on some suddain expedient, to bring all off again, and conceal their Mysteries, and save his Ladies reputation. His sprightly imagination immediately furnished him with the happiest device in the world; whereupon he offered to inform the company of the true cause of the disorder; and when he saw them all keep silence, he told them, *That Cephisa and Zelotide (as ill luck would have it) had some business at the same time to go up the same pair of Stairs, and that they went up with so much precipitation, that they had not time to call for a light; that in the dark, not seeing one another, they chanced at the Stair-head to juggle very furiously; And that having no good will for one another, as all the Town knows, they took it for an abuse: And thereupon came to words about it, and from words to blows, so that he lying in a chamber hard by, whither he had retired from the Debauch, to sleep a little, was awaked by their noise, and went out to end the quarrel; That he had by main force brought one of the Ladies into his Chamber, to keep her from her Enemy; But that the other had pursued her so furiously, and they both continued so obstinate in their fighting humour, that they had*
treated

treated one another just so as they saw, and had put him in that condition they found him in, for endeavouring to part them.

While *Lycidas* was carrying on his relation, the Rival-Ladies came to themselves a little, and began to fear, lest the subject of their quarrel should be discovered; but seeing, Sir, how ingeniously their common Lover had excused them, and brought all off again, they avow'd all he said, and made a fit use of his probable excuses. She jostled me, cryed one, and she jostled me said the other, ; and were so hot at it presently, that their friends came to hold them in, lest they should again commence the combat. But the Master of the House, and some other friends that were there, easily quieted this second emotion, and remedied the relapse. They told the two interess'd Gentlemen, that no body was injured, that all was by meer chance, and that the blows were so equally divided, that neither could boast of her success. The sage and prudent Husbands having very gravely heard all the particulars, were the first persons that laugh'd at the adventure, and swore their Wives were as drunk as they were, and called the Female combatants Fools, and Gossips, and God knows what; but begged *Lycidas's* pardon a thousand times over, made him all the excuses they could think on, engaged their fighting Beauties to make *Lycidas's* satisfaction for the injury he had received, and without more ado reeled to their debauch again. The two Rival-Ladies embraced one another, at the request of the

the company of the Women, and were overjoyed in so dangerous a conjuncture, at the preservation of their Honour, they laughed as heartily as the rest, at the pleasant extravagance of their quarrel, and told it just so as *Lycidas* had done before them.

The Husbands being got pretty well drunk by this time, and the Ladies having laughed their laugh out, all the company went to bed, and among the rest, the Bride and her Gentleman; for though I told you they went to bed before, you must know that they poor souls rose again, and came to see another kind of combat then what they were engaged in, but now the company once again brought them together, where we shall leave them, for I think we cannot leave them better: On the morrow the company parted, having first agreed, and judged it requisite, that the two reconciled Ladies, *Cephis*a and *Zelotide* should go to Town in the same Coach; and their Husbands fearing least *Lycidas* had not heartily pardoned them for all the scratches, together with the bites and bruises he had received, would by all means perswade him to go along with them, without any other soul with him, but his two Mistresses, and these good obliging Cornutos charged their Wives to pacify him too, and do all they could to procure his pardon.

Thus

Thus do those civil Gentlemen
 Sometimes our pleasure, and our joys advance
 They hug their Ladies Favourite, and then
 Commend the pretty souls into their hands.
 Those horn-mad Cuckolds now are out of date
 That would the Courtly Gallant hate
 That Poisons, Swords, and Halters threaten still
 And to do more than kill,
 And vindicate their Honour on that Head
 That had (for so they speak) defil'd their Bed,
 When as kind souls they did but all they cou'd,
 To please their Ladies at expence of Blood,
 And do that Drudgery the Husbands shou'd.
 No ; our obliging Generation
 Will no such troublesome crack'd fools admit,
 It has more Sense and Wit,
 Then still to blame that Act that must be done,
 If a good Husband should discover
 His Lady's Lover
 He ne'r wou'd make a word of it,
 'Twould be most curst scandalous
 To question what he does,
 Prove him a Clown, no Courtier, nor no Wit.
 No, he himself wou'd their content procure,
 And never trouble their Amour,
 He lets her meet him when she will,
 And both of one another have their fill ;
 He may his Lady then more easily
 Content and satisfy,
 For he alone he's sure can never do it,
 Should she but rigorously hold him to it.
 Thus he what e're her carriage be
 Though he her visits and caresses see.

Still obstinately blind, will nought discover,
And though he sees, yet will not see a Lover.

Our Gallant and the two Rival-Ladies being now together in the same Coach, your Royal Highness may easily conjecture, after so pleasant an adventure; that their conversation was not unpleasant, and that a great many fine things were spoken amongst them. *Lycidas* began to make them see their imprudence, and told them, if his address had not helpt them out at a dead lift, their extravagance might have had very bad consequences; both the Ladies were of his opinion, and rendered him their hearty thanks for so high an obligation. And now they were in such a condition, that they could no longer conceal their affairs from one another, so that by the mediation of *Lycidas*, they were made very good friends again, and there past between them the finest Raillery, but yet the most civil and innocent, about their Loves, that ever was heard. *Cephisa* told *Zelotide* of her jealousy, and *Zelotide* rally'd on *Cephisa* for being content with her leavings, and all this had so little harshness in it, and was so extreamly and obliging, that two Rivals were never yet more fully reconciled then they.

What marvels did ingenious Love then do?
Love like the States could then admit of more;
While the fair Prize was shar'd between the
two.

This was a wonder never seen before.

The

The pains and pleasures they do both partake,
 And willingly their common chain endure.
 Friendship from Hate he did with ease procure
 That did at first their spirits captive make.
 Since in one common third they both agree,
 Let one the Lover of the other be.

Before they came to Town, they very solemnly covenanted, the better to silence the impertinent Lampooners of the Town, and to cheat their Husbands the more dexterously, to part *Lycidas* betwixt them, as a good that was equally common to both of them. They moreover fully resolved and agreed to do all they possibly could, to hinder any third Lady from robbing them of so agreeable a Treasure. And that if through any Caprichio of his, he should favour the one more then the other, the agrieved Lady should not make any publick disturbance about it, and that all the Arms she should make use of to retrieve the fugitive, should be caresses and obligations. These conditions thus formerly agreed on, were so advantageous for *Lycidas*, that he could not with reason refuse them, as really he did not. But assured his two Ladies, that he was very well satisfied with them, and swore he would never on his part violate the Articles.

For some weeks the two Rivals, with the happy third person, the beloved *Lycidas* lived in very good intelligence, according to the conditions agreed upon in the last Treaty. The Ladies were infinitely happy, and thought themselves

selves so too, but *Lycidas* began to surfeit on their goodness, and was presently cloy'd with so much sweetness. This good intelligence of theirs plagued him most unmercifully, and at last he found by sad experience, that he might with less difficulty content his two Mistresses during their division, then now he had made them friends. These two handsome persons loved one another with as great a passion, as they hated each other formerly; they were never out of one anothers company, and that former precaution of *Lycidas*'s, that he had before so scrupulously observed, and that the observance of so much, troubled him, became now useless and insignificant.

Thus when the one spy'd with what gallantry,
He did his Love unto her friend address,

She never wish'd it less,

But knew he'd make her happy by and by;
When he exactly show'd the same confer
As much as to a glance, or word on her,

She never blam'd her Rivals kisses

Nor envy'd those more great and solid blisses

Since by and by

She the same Gallantry

Must without diminution enjoy.

This accurate kind of distributive justice was mighty troublesome to the too too much beloved *Lycidas*; and I easily perswade my self, that as well stor'd as he was of endearing caresses, (and truly, Sir, I believe few persons in

France

France could vie with him) all his stock would have been soon exhausted, and he have been reduced to extream beggery, and if there had not come an Order from his Majesty to change his Garrison, and lead his Regiment into a Citadel, upon the frontiers of *Picardy*. How agreeable this Order was to *Lycidas*, that was now even tired and more then satiated with their amorous Delicates, your Royal Highness may easily conjecture; but the poor Ladies were struck dead with the dreadful news, all the Thunders in nature could not have so much disturbed their souls; but in fine, there was an absolute necessity for their enduring of it; the King must be obeyed, and they must lose their *Lycidas*. *Lycidas* went to take his farwel of them, when they were both together, and this sad farwel of his, cost the poor Ladies a multitude of Tears, and *Lycidas* shed some too, though I believe, out of a very different consideration, and they were only Tears of joy for the recovery of his liberty, and his disengagement from so troublesome a happiness, while his sad Mistresses wept most excessively, and cared not to preserve the glories of their bright Circles, when the only Man they esteemed in the world had deserted them, and they could see nothing now worth the captivating: They entreated him to honour them with a visit as soon as possibly he could, and to return the same *Lycidas* to their embraces, that he was with that same sprightly Air, and Gayety of his, and above all, with that ardent passion (for
so

to they call'd it) he was pleas'd to have for them, *Lycidas* promised them most liberally, all they could desire, but I can assure your Royal Highness, that to this moment he never performed a word of these his promises, and it is now above nine months since he left them. He himself was pleas'd to tell me this story, and with all he assur'd me, that there were very handsome and courtly Officers in that Regiment that came to relieve them, and persons that without doubt were capable to undertake any amorous adventure. As soon as they have changed their Garrison, I do not question but some one or other among them will bring us more news of *Zelotide*, and her extravagant Jealousie.

And now, Sir, I shall own the ambition, to say, I hope as well as wish, that my *Zelotide*, with all her faults, may have the happiness to please your Royal Highness, which if I shall be once assured of, my Muse stirr'd up by so glorious an encouragement, and so brave a success, shall still continue in her design of diverting your Royal Highness. Our French Gallantries are so frequent and usual, that I shall never want a subject for Stories of this nature, and they always are in themselves so pleasant and agreeable, that they can't chuse but take, if the Historian spoils not their native graces. What an Honour shall I be blessed with, if this foolery of mine shall prove fortunate enough to please your Royal Highness! and what an infinite joy should I resent, if my Pen at your Commands were employed in writing a more serious History!

H

Could

Could I be the happy eye-witness of so glorious a life as yours, and be then Commanded to transmit it to posterity, adorned with all its noble circumstances, I perswade my self, Sir, that so brave a Subject would inspire me with new flights, and that my style advanced and lifted up with the Dignity of so great a Subject, would never flag, but keep up its excellence with an equal force continually. If this wish, Sir, be rash and foolish, as with a blush I cannot but avow it is, I humbly beg your Royal Highness will be pleased to pardon it, and impute it to my Zeal for your Royal Highness's service, and to permit my Muses to confer something to your divertisement, and vouchsafe me the glory to tell all the world, that I am ,

Sir,

Your R. Highness's

Most Humble,

and

Obedient Servant,

LE PAYS.